

There's That Light Again

By P. MATTHAMS

"There's that light again!" cried a voice from out of the night. Hastily any shade that was not drawn in a window was lowered; children were put to bed with the tale that they better be quiet or the light would come after them; not one of the women of the fishing village dared to be outside her door; the men were not much better.

Old men thought of their sons on the Banks, wives of their husbands whom they had not seen for nearly two months, sweethearts of the times that had happened when the schooners were home the last time, and became anxious. All the women wondered and feared, a sort of uneasy fear, "There's that light again!"

All save one were perturbed by the advent of that light and he was a stranger and as such was the centre of curiosity to the cut of the way village of Baie de l'An in Newfoundland.

He had been there for three weeks now and at the time of the warning was in the front room of Uncle Abe's house. Front rooms in Newfoundland outposts are opened on special occasions such as a death, a marriage, or when the new minister calls.

The place reeked with a musty smell. Best room it was but the scarcity of drapings and furniture and the smell of the fog-soaked clothes gave it far from a best room outlook. Besides the stranger there were three old men of the village to listen to the tales he had of the strange land called Canada.

Abe chewed and whistled away at the hull of a model boat. Levi was seated chewing in the doorway fixing the flippers for his seine, and William Tom John just sat and chewed. All were brothers Clarkson and as such were the grandfathers and patriarchs of the village. At the cry of the voice they stopped their work and looked meaningfully at each other, chewing. There was a silence and no one dared to speak. The stranger wondered and felt the inactivity and quietness. No one wanted to explain.

"I know you won't believe it," said Abe "but that's a ghost light."

The stranger ventured a question. "Whose light is that, Uncle Abe?" he asked. "What is it? and where is it?"

"It's a ghost light," broke in Levi, "that comes in over the water before bad weather."

The stranger started the three brothers by his proposition that he would like to see it. Each of the old men looked at one another, wondering what kind of person this was. Never had anyone in their memory ventured out on a night when that light was in the bay, at least not willingly. They did not move to show the way.

"Alright, I'll go myself," announced the stranger and rising from his home-made pine chair moved towards the door.

Outside he met the air, clammy and cold. The day had been a heavy sultry one with the fog overhanging the land and the sun shining up above the fog, had created a tropical humidity to the dwellers by the sea shore.

There was but a slight whiff of wind that blew from the south and offshore.

He walked to the end of the houses before he could get his eyes used to the outdoors. Standing on a slight rising he looked over the bay and there by the shallow watered banchols was a slightly blue light that bobbed and danced, seemingly on the waves.

It must have been a half a mile away and as it moved it looked like a light in a dory, but the stranger knew that there was no one from the village out fishing that night, and the nearest other settlement was Point Marie round the headland about seven miles. A stretch of beach in the shape of an arc of a circle came from the land out into the bay like a mole and along the end of this the light seemed to play. On such a night like this one could hear the dapple of oars if there were a dory but no sound came. A terrible quiet was over all and the light travelled slowly on its way dancing and bobbing, bobbing and dancing.

Returning to the house the stranger found the three old brothers in the same attitude, presumably not having moved since his going out some twelve minutes before.

"That's a very interesting phenomenon," started the stranger.

"Not interesting but terrible," butted in Abe, then becoming silent again. Each kept at his chewing, but did no work.

"But what do you know of the light?" enquired the stranger.

"Well seeing as how you want to know about that light, I'll tell you, but don't blame me if anything happens to you." Abe had plucked up enough courage to be the spokesman of the three scared men.

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DEBATING UNION

Speakers will be chosen to represent McGill against various other college debating teams at the next meeting of the Debating Union, scheduled for 8:15 on Monday, January 9. In the Union hall room. The subject for this debate is "Resolved that the introduction of the Student Body."

Yuletide Dance In Med Halls

The Yuletide spirit predominated at the Medical Dance last night. Some four hundred and fifty happy young people danced and laughed their way through a very merry evening, and gay decorations in the Christmas mode.

Commencing at nine thirty and lasting until far into the wee hours of the morning, the Medical Building resounded with the music of orchestra which fitted in perfectly with the general happy spirit of the occasion.

The Medical Building did not appear as the quiet, staid, building last night but with the decoration schemes, and the well fitted halls and rooms, it presented more of the appearance of a tonic for overworked minds.

All three floors were decorated in various schemes using red and white, in streamer and arch effects. All the lights were effectively dimmed with red paper. The orchestra was on the lower floor under a canopy of streamers. The pillars on this floor were garlanded with Southern Bunch, which with the red of the decorations gave the desired Christmas effect. This was the end to which the Committee were working; for this dance coming near Christmas gave a good opportunity for displaying Yuletide decorations of a novel nature. The museum cases on the second and third floors were covered with green material on which had been superimposed the well known Medical symbols.

The Assembly Hall was equipped with bridge table, and chesterfields for those wishing to sit out. Some played bridge but there was no great waiting list. The corridors were also properly fixed up with sitting-out places of various kinds.

Half-time provided a striking novelty. Above the heads of those present there had been hanging a ballooned effect. Speculation was rife, but any who knew what the surprise was refused to divulge its nature. Any who were expecting something artistic were not disappointed, because the skeleton which appeared after the curtain of balloons had dropped, satisfied the most sophisticated person's desire for the spectacular.

The program was a particularly artistic conception of a skull, with the rest of the design in keeping with the particularly blundering day that came along to provide a lot more atmosphere. It really looked like a genuine Christmas, within and without the building. All the sitting-out places and the corridors present the appearance of an evergreen forest and in the middle of the Assembly Hall a large tree was placed covered with varied-coloured lights.

Freddie Gross and his snappy orchestra, featuring Bram Rose and his expressive clarinet, supplied the music every note of which was delivered in company with car-tloads of pep.

Supper was the occasion for the giving out of the favours in the form of hats and noise-makers. Both were (Continued on page six)

ARCHITECTURE AND MANNERS OF OLD ENGLAND

The development of the domestic architecture from the houses of the 11th and 12th centuries, to the palatial Tudor houses of yellow brick, together with a description of manners and customs of the times, were discussed before the R.V.C. Historical Club yesterday by Miss Rosa and Miss Wilson.

Domestic Architecture

In both manner and castle of the earlier centuries, the approach, guarded by a moat and gate-house leading into a courtyard, emphasized the paramount importance of protection. At first, in both alike, the Hall was not only the centre of family life, but its most never changing setting, where food was eaten, games indulged in and sleeping quarters provided by the rushes on the floor, or in niches in the wall. Gradually more private quarters came into use for the lord and his family. On the whole interior conditions were anything but comfortable with windows closed only by wooden shutters and a fire whose smoke eddied round the room before it found a means of escape through the opening provided for the purpose. In these conditions it was no wonder that eating formed the chief pleasure and that was not only a religious exercise but a necessity for health. The development of greater comfort was gradual, and luxury was often more apparent than real. The rich hangings on the walls, for example, often served to conceal the fierce battlements of oak. With Tudor houses, handsome examples of which are to be seen in Hampton Court and Compton Wyngate, comfort became more in evidence. The number of rooms had of course greatly increased, and Cardinal Wolsey is credited with the introduction of the gallery which could be used for exercise or almost any

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SERMON ON SIN

"The Peace of Sin," with illustrations from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," is the subject of Dr. Leslie Pidgeon's sermon tomorrow evening. This is the last sermon before Christmas, of the series on the English poets as religious teachers.

Following the service there will be a social hour, when members of the choir will lead in singing Christmas carols. Students are cordially invited.

Women into the McGill Union is in-coming this to the first interest of the Student Body.

The "Daily" wishes its readers:

Happy Holidays
Happy Christmas
Happy 1928
Happy Examinations.

The Knees of The Gods

By Edgar Stewart

Mrs. Patrick Walton, nee Jean Urquhart, turned in her swivel chair to obtain a last glimpse of Albany as the train drew away on the final lap of its journey to New York.

There in the next chair was Pat occasionally flashing her one of those smiles of his. Patrick was known by his attractive smile—it seemed to inspire its recipient with confidence. He was a spare man, black haired and with that pallor of complexion that appeals to women. He was well-dressed—just a little too well-dressed, perhaps, but that may have been because this was his wedding day.

It was wonderful how it had all happened. She had been inclined to be a little cynical about theories of predestination and the inevitable coming of a soul-mate, but almost as a reproach for her doubt it was to her it had happened! She might never have met Pat—her heart gave a little involuntary quiver at the thought—if his automobile had not contrived to run out of gasoline just by her house. He had been so wonderful.... And now it all had come true.... It was a pity her father did not like him but what a blessing he could not stop their marriage! That was a business man, in quite a big way, she understood. She supposed it was her father's old-fashionedness that made him oppose a speedy union; he didn't understand how much freer the world was than when he was young. And he didn't see how completely happy she was.... But with an effort she reined her thoughts. Why think of such things on this day of all days?

Pat leaned across from his chair. "Well, dear," he said, "we'll not long now. It's great running into New York at night you miss the squalor of the slums and see only the thousand skyscrapers. Old folks doing his best for us—Isn't that sunset just perfect?"

His wife looked up from her reverie and smiled. "Yes, Pat, isn't it?" she said.

But he had noticed the frown on her forehead before she had smiled. "Thinking of the old man?"

She nodded.

"Oh don't bother your pretty head with him. I wish he hadn't taken a dislike to me, but well, if he must be unreasonable, at least don't think of it today."

His words had almost roused her to defend her father but she looked up at his face smiling down on her and the thought fled. "I won't, Pat. It's a darned good thing, though that he hasn't control over the money Uncle Tim lent me—he'd never give it up if he had!"

"Yes, that was fortunate. And now, what with the interest on that and the money I earn we shall be able to run a real swell little home."

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ARTS JUNIORS ON PROHIBITION

"I know of many cases where liquor has spoiled a man's life," stated Ambrose O'Meara at a debate on prohibition held by Arts '29 yesterday. At this statement a loud knocking was heard on the door and a red-nosed, inebriated person came staggering through the door. His shirt tails were hanging out of his trousers his tie was partially undone, his collar was twisted almost half-way round his neck, while his vest, coat and shirt were all unbuttoned. Entering the room in which the debate was being held, the nebbish managed to splutter out, "Isn't this the Moyle Hall?" The speaker in the debate said that he recognized the drunken creature, and pointed out the intruder as an awful example of the effects of drink. The "drunkard" was finally hustled out of the room.

This was an incident which occurred during the course of the fifth debate of the Arts '29 debating contest in which E. S. Fay and D. Barr, upholding the affirmative of the resolution, "Resolved that prohibition should be abolished in the United States of America" were awarded the decision over A. O'Meara and J. C. Binnie.

The judges were Miles Gordon, Fred Goforth and Saul Hayes.

type of entertainment, including concerts.

In the 13th century the great social activity was a dinner. This was served in the hall, and the guests, who sat at the long table, were entertained by the minstrels.

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Le Petit Parisien

His Xmas Message

My office, Mon Life Art, Building, Mayor street, December 15

Dear Monsieur McGill Daily:

I write to you of Xmas, because you have asked me to do so. As you see by my address I have spare time job in addition to my work as Arts Junior. I know that ze July 8, Claus is only a shade of his former himself, as we can see when we visit ze department stores, and I suppose he has also got one fad for reducing like ze ladies.

I am work in ze thousands of big business, and I see what big business should do for ze spirit of Xmas, and then I see that ze creative delayers from Auctioneers have prove to ze world, that ze title of ze business world is incompatible with sound morality and, monsieur editors, I agree.

I go to my friend Knopschopp's home on Xmas day, and in ze good old days I can take a little collied duck which swim in ze bath for Knopschopp's little girl. But now I cannot take her that for she see in ze paper that collied duck is selling in ze Norman store for 19 cents each, (and in ze restaurant for 69 cents a pound).

So I have to take her a big doll two three foot long with eyes that roll and a whistle in her stuffing which squeak "mama" and which she enjoy because she see it advertised for \$3.99.

And when I get there Mrs. Knopschopp say "We have roast veal for dinner because all ze stores make too much price on turkeys at Xmas, but in ze January sales I can get them for 59 cents a pound so we have it then."

And ze pudding! It is brick of the ice cream bought from ze store. And after ze dinner when we feel no gripe or pain we know ze dinner have not been good enough to bring gripe or pain, and instead of sit round ze fire and tell stories and see ze Yule log burn, we stoke up ze furnace and go downtown to ze theatre Plaza where we see in ze advertisement that ze greatest love play of ze year is about to be show and that it contain five hundred tears and eight hundred smile per minute.

At night, what shall we do? I know what we shall do. We shall play bridge! And I will rather throw a bridge than play bridge.

Ah yes! Ze men from Auctioneers they know their epicures, but some day—

Well, I have inscribed a short poem for you, monsieur McGill Daily, and here she is:

Ze Xmas Problem
1.—There is no old time xmas, the college student said.
As down ze wintry boulevard he staid
12 footsteps fell.
But I will ask some friend of mine
that work at many trade,
And see if they agree with me that
xmas she is fade.

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PREPARE FOR TWO JANUARY DANCES DURING HOLIDAYS

The M.S.P.E. and the Science students will be preparing for their dances during the holidays. These dances are expected to take place during the last two weeks in January.

The Plumbers' Ball committee, with Wallie Jehu as Chairman held their first meeting Thursday afternoon. It was decided to hold the dance on January 27th. The tenders have already been called for for the orchestra, the closing date being Jan. 7th. The catering is in charge of Eric Adams. The first year draughting room will again be put aside for dancing. The supper will be served in the smaller draughting room upstairs. As usual, the plans for decorations are going ahead rapidly, and many new schemes will be tried out.

M.S.P.E. Dance

The McGill School of Physical Education held a meeting Thursday to discuss plans for their forthcoming dance. The initial affair last year proved very successful.

Committees were elected to take charge of plans and tickets will be ready before the holidays so that students will be able to carry the glad tidings to their friends. Some of these tickets will be placed at the Union and other points of vantage where they may be purchased for three dollars.

The dance will be held in the Union on a Friday in the latter part of January, this date being after the completion of exams and just ahead of the heavy social season.

Many improvements are being worked on over last years hop.

The M.S.P.E. are working hard so that the expectations of their friends and all other wise ones, who rally to the cause, will be realized.

Other Christmases

By J. S. SMIT

"And this is Christmas!"

The wind which was stirring the snow on the road stung a flush into the Boy's cheeks. On Sherbrooke street the bells of a passing sleigh rang faintly through the cold air and a couple, boy and girl, in full sking costume passed him on the road, shooting along with practiced slide over the white ground, and chatting gaily, their zealous voices matching the vigor of their movements. In spite of the lonely, homesick feeling at the thought of Christmas away from home, home ten thousand miles away, a glow stirred his heart as he felt the glory of a winter's day in Canada on this day of December, in the day of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven. It was the pleasure of the day itself only, however, for there was nothing today to recall the Christmas's he had known before.

The boy was like many others at McGill, spending the day perforce in Montreal, where he had come to study at McGill, with his home folks celebrating Christmas in a part of the earth remote from snowy Canada.

Crossing Sherbrooke street now the Boy was thinking of the Christmas tree he had helped to decorate last year in far off Africa, with cotton wool heaped around the tree to represent the snow that country never sees but without which his father and mother had never seemed happy a Christmas time.

And yet, he mused, as he went up the stairs of Strathcona Hall, Christmas had never seemed to him to be wanting in anything without snow. Christmas as he remembered it was a jolly picnic season. Last year he had done his Christmas shopping on Commissioners' street of "Joburg" in the blazing sunshine. One of the shops had filled his window with artificial snow, to the great puzzlement of the natives who did not understand what this little oasis of white flanking the hot and dusty street could represent.

Christmas day itself had been spent at his uncle's house in the suburbs and in the afternoon several of the party had gone for a swim in the private swimming pool behind the house, emerging afterwards to find tea awaiting them on the lawn beside the tennis court, served up by his aunt in a white, cool dress with native boy hovering in the background.

As the Boy passed through the entry on the way to his room he saw Durga Dass, an Indian student standing disconsolately by the window, with a characteristic little hump to his shoulders.

"Hello," said the Boy, "Are you stranded here for Christmas too. Come up to my room and we'll help the spirit of Christmas with a slice of my Christmas cake. It was made in hot Africa for a cold Christmas in Canada."

Upstairs in the Boy's room comfortably munching slices of Christmas cake, the spirit of Christmas glowed a little more freshly as they discussed other Christmas' together. Outside the snowflakes were falling more thickly, hurried about in fierce little gusts by the wind. As the two talked, however, the wintry scene just outside the window faded before their memory pictures of "green Christmas' where the sun glows strongly and Santa Claus does not need to dress in furry garments when making his seasonable round.

"The Christmas' I have known have been spent in Calcutta, where I live by the great Meerut bazaar," said Dass slowly. "And in the bazaar there is no Christmas. Always the sun is hottest at Christmas time, and always the bazaar is dusty and noisy, and one must avoid many beggars who cry constantly for alms."

"As many English people as can go to the hills for the coolness, but many cannot leave, and they celebrate in the city, and have parties and dances in the cool of the evening."

"But the English are not used to the sun," added Dass. "For me, the sun of India is welcome, and I only wish that this Christmas I was in the heat of Calcutta rather than being forced to spend it in this cold winter weather."

"I know what it is," said the Boy, with understanding in his eyes. "We want to think of Christmas as we have known it before. There must be a great number of people feeling as we are today. Students at McGill who have spent their other Christmas' in other ways."

They fell silent a little while, thinking of their own "other Christmas' and then talk turned naturally to "other Christmas' they had heard of—of Christmas in the trenches and famous Christmas' of history. In the (Continued on page six)

POLITICAL ECONOMY CLUB

Two papers, "Who Owns Canada?" and "The Economic Interpretation of Foreign Investment," by Albert V. Boos, B.A., and E. Leithman, respectively, will be presented at the Political Economy Club meeting at 8:30 on Tuesday, December 20. The meeting will be held in the Smoking Room of the Arts Building.

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MONTREAL SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1927.

The Principal's Message

THROUGH the medium of the McGill Daily, Principal Sir Arthur Currie conveys to the students of McGill his best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

CHRISTMAS NOW

THE spirit of Christmas demonstrates itself in many and varied forms. Only too seldom do we have the bright cheerfulness so characteristic of the characters in stories by Dickens. Unfortunately "Tiny Tim" is an extreme rarity and benevolence of the Scrooge type is mainly of the fantastic and not realistic experience.

One wonders if this spirit exists, just where it might be hiding? Now and then a small spark of geniality springs up, but the overwhelming tide of "humans" soon obliterates this.

Instances crop up in super-abundance. The spirit of Christmas is most usually buried far too deeply to be possibly able to emerge with such superficial scintillations, and these are usually of entirely the wrong type.

Some grope rather blindly for the truth of the matter but the Christmas spirit as displayed in the spirit of Santa Claus, the advertiser supreme, usually disgusts. Instead of giving the uplift, this cursed almighty dollar.

"Sir," could you give me ten cents to get a cup of coffee?" "Can you change a ten-dollar bill?"

"Yes, Canada is on the eve of an era of great prosperity," says the financier as he drives by in his Rolls Royce. "Yes, but that car looks nice and warm," says one of the many unnoticed "Tiny Tims". But "Tiny Tim" was not supposed to have a place in such a world. He hasn't. It's not his fault.

Churches, perhaps, are the one form of modern society that reaches a peak during the Christmas period. The churches are thronged to hear the free music everyone is benevolent—yes, perhaps the spirit of the Christ has been caught for a fleeting second. But still more than likely it is not such a spirit. It may be a reflection of an earlier, better spirit, or else it is but a yet unanalysed distortion of the spirit of commerce.

Christmas eve and on through the Christmas-New Year Season, will be a period of festivities in most of the countries in the northern hemisphere. It needs no stretch of imagination to figure out just what form these celebrations will commonly take this year. The Quebec Liquor Commission is already, and will continue for two or three weeks to do its most thriving trade of the year. But how can one condemn the Merry Yuletide Spirit of Quebec? That seems to be what the celebration of Christmas will generally come to. But it is useless to criticize when one cannot offer anything constructive to take the place of the seemingly obnoxious.

Yes, "Tiny Tim" and Scrooge, you exist in books only.

IS A TRUCE BETTER THAN A PEACE?

CHRISTMAS is a truce. It is in human nature to provide for truces. We call it Christmas. Ancient tribes and nations who had the same institution called it something else. It doesn't matter what.

Ruthless competition is the prevailing characteristic of human business life. In our search after riches we have to compete with countless thousands of others to get enough to keep us from starvation, and the more relentlessly we compete the more wealth we amass.

On Christmas day we rest from this competition, and wish everybody peace and goodwill. Even those unfortunate people who have to work on Christmas feel a new and sublime joy, and infuse new courtesy into their work. This is genuine. The argument that commercialism is ruining Christmas may be true up to a certain point, because it introduces so much feigned Christmas spirit, but there is no question of the world's honesty on Christmas day.

The moral force that can prevent two nations opposing each other on No man's Land from firing at each other on Christmas day, is of unquestioned strength. It would be easy for one force to relax on Christmas day, and the other army, taking advantage of this relaxation, to advance suddenly and slaughter thousands, but in the Great War to which we refer, both sides had confidence in each other.

Thus Christmas penetrates the blackest hell on earth just as light penetrates the blackest darkness.

The institution of Christmas is the greatest practical proof that a life of universal brotherhood and unity is possible. Man, with his present combination of qualities could voluntarily break away from conflict and trouble if he wished to, and if he could trust the other fellow to do so.

Not that we expect as will. He is good, and his conduct is exemplary on one day out of about three hundred and sixty-five. The one glimmer of hope is that he looks forward eagerly to that one day, and regards it with greater veneration than any other day.

In war, hostilities are stopped in two ways—by a truce or by a peace.

A truce is made to exist for the time being, and does not generally do much good. A peace definitely restores governmental unity between the nations at war.

A truce is welcome, and so is Christmas, for Christmas is a truce in the heart of life.

But if only men could make a peace! If only they could make this fight of life a game of life, and play the game for the enjoyment of it, and in accordance with the rules which govern the Christmas spirit!

Man has wished this for numberless generations. That wish is his only redeeming feature.

THE FIRST TERM

THE trials, troubles and triumphs of the first term are over, and the student body has emerged from it alive, and mostly healthy.

A capacity registration of freshmen, all of whom had to work for a higher percentage in matriculation indicates the prestige of the university, and hopes well for its academic future. Failures may be more common this year because the pass percentage has been increased, but we have an idea that the same class which overcame greater obstacles to enter, will come through the freshman examination with flying colors.

In the spotlight, some championships were lost but some titles came our way, and all the athletic teams gave their opponents hard battles, whether they won or lost in the end.

A new "hit" has emerged from the remains of the old, and a great interest has been shown in it. A new tea room to which girls are invited, has opened its doors and admitted several goodly companies already. The Musical Association have put on their first "big" concert, the wise "hit" of the student body crowded Moyle Hall to hear the Cambridge debaters, and the "Daily" goes merrily on.

It's a great life.

CONDENSED COMMENT TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The contributions of some writers, though not lacking in merit, had to be left out of the Christmas number of the "Daily" owing to lack of space.

These will be inserted in future issues of the "Daily", the first of which will be issued on January 5.

THE LAST DANCE OF THE YEAR

The Medical students' dance, which might easily be taken to herald the arrival of Santa Claus, is the last of a memorable series of dances, both informal and formal, all of which have been successes.

Almost all of these dances have been held on university property. Four big dances, two of them informal, and a tea-dance were held in the Union Ball Room, and were catered to by the Union Cafeteria staff. This is a creditable showing.

Women at the Political Economy Club

(Either the influence of the Union Tea Room has deranged this reporter's powers of perception, or he has met not only a Christmas ghost, but a whole company of spirits).

Contrary to the custom which has prevailed since the formation of the Political Economy Club, and which some men had come to regard as specially protective legislation, women students appeared at the latest meeting of the club. This unheralded innovation was regarded by some men with dismay, by others with amusement or merely surprise, according to the value they placed upon the inviolability of the smoke screen behind which their deliberations have hitherto been conducted with all desirable exclusiveness and because of the interest and apprehension aroused, a discussion of this matter preceded the regular subject of discussion.

"There is no precedent for this," said the President "and we must be careful in creating one. In everything the progress of women is threatening the supremacy of men, we must beware, unless we stop them in time what will become of us?"

"This," said Dr. Hennea "is a students' club, it was formed to stimulate interest in economics, and provide opportunities for discussion outside the classroom. How far the present of the women students will help or hinder these aims or supplant them altogether, is a question for you to decide. It is your club, not ours. For my part, I have never known why women wanted to go to a university or why a university wanted women to go to it, but you must remember that where we are outnumbered, we have to keep these views to ourselves."

"You know," said Dr. Offenham "that when Adam ceased to be alone in Eden it was not Paradise much longer, and it seems that all man's efforts to be free and happy are doomed to suffer the fate of Eden. I like this club as a place where we could always say anything we pleased without fear of contradiction. It was the only such place left, and is very unfortunate that we cannot believe in the equal rights of men without having the argument extended to women too."

Prof. Exito did not think that the club had anything to fear from the presence of women, and if it was possible that they would benefit from coming, he would welcome any means that would enable them to take an intelligent interest in economics. So he seemed to have failed to find one Prof. Neapenny, however, said that he did not think that it was a question of discriminating between the merits of men and of women, but of deciding whose interests would best be served. If women got the club habit, what would become of homes?

The Secretary said that it was not necessary for him to give an opinion. It was not a question like Socialism, but he would read some letters he had received concerning the subject.

19 Downing St.
London, W., England.

The Secretary
The Political Economy Club,
McGill University.

Dear Sir—It surprises me to learn that a club of rising politicians do not know that first principle of political success, do not antagonize the electorate for the sake of upholding other principles of which they do not approve. Am I not desirous of giving women the vote at 21 because they want it, and I hope that when they have it they will cast it in my favour? Whether all men are fit to be members of a club with an intelligent purpose is an entirely different question, and one I shall not attempt to answer with a General Election drawing near and the franchise in the present form, but I know of no reason of common sense or logic for excluding women when men are admitted indiscriminately.

Yours truly,
STANLEY BALDREY

11 Downing St.
London, W., England.

The Secretary
The Political Economy Club,
McGill University.

Dear Sir—Circumstances change like governments, conditions vary like ministers. I speak from experience for I have kept pace with them, and I would like to tell your club that adaptability is the only assurance of continued political prominence.

How do you know that some of you are not future Ministers of Finance? Think how much easier your task will be if women as well as men have taxable incomes, and you cannot be unwilling to give them every opportunity to learn how to acquire and invest capital.

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A Hot Toast

The tumult and the shouting dies,
McGill's wide halls are emptied all,
For two fair weeks no maiden's eyes
Will meet their lover's in the Hall.

No Freshman will these doors pass by—
Some pass never to pass by again—
Until they see the Old Year die!
And then, right back to book and pen

O Comrades all! a toast let's drink,
To Christmas Cheer, to Old Year's fate,
To New Year's Joy, to Book and Ink,
And to the Christmas Graduate.

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TURRET
MILD VIRGINIA
CIGARETTES

20
FOR 25¢

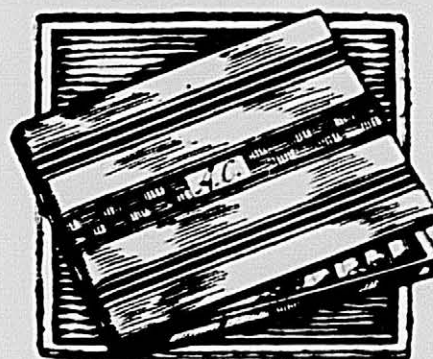
Save the Valuable
Dobber Hands

JUST TO WISH YOU THE OLD WISH

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A BRIGHT AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

W. M. MacLeod
Clothiers.

1427 McGill College Ave.



HOCKEY SQUAD MEET
FRENCHMEN MONDAYFirst Game for Beaubien Cup
Part of Group Series

McGill and University of Montreal hockey squads meet for the second time this season on Monday night at the Forum as part of the Q.A.H.A. Senior Group double header. This will be the first game for the Beaubien Cup emblematic of the City Intercollegiate title. The trophy is now held by McGill.

Despite McGill's defeat at the hands of the Frenchmen three weeks ago, a changed line-up and added confidence on the McGill squad through playing several games together gives the red team more chance than is attributed to them in the betting.

The line-up as announced last night will be: Powers or White in goal, McMahon and McTeer on the defense and St. Germain at centre. Robertson and Laverne play the wings. The defense, weak against M.A.A.A. last week will be considerably stronger with McMahon back. McTeer has been showing special aptitude as a guard and uses his weight impressively. With St. Germain on the forward line, it is expected that more organization will be evident. Laverne and Robertson are more or less of an experiment on the wings, neither man having playing wing positions before.

On January 4 McGill meets Harvard at Madison square Garden, New York and on January 7, the red squad meets Harvard at the same place.

HOLIDAY TRIP FOR
SENIOR CAGEMENClash With Y.M.H.A. Tonight in
M.H.S. Gym

McGill's Senior basketball team will not be at all idle during the vacation. Six exhibition games in all will be played by the squad during the next two weeks, and all but one of these will be against American teams below the line. The exception is the tilt with the Y.M.H.A. Seniors tonight on the M.H.S. floor.

The men will return home for the Christmas week and will reassemble in New York on or about the last day of the month. They will then play five times in eight days against Bronx, Manhattan, West Point, C.C.N.Y. and Rutgers returning here on the 8th of January.

It is an ambitious programme for the above teams are all first class ones who will test the redmen to the limit. However the McGill representatives have improved immensely during the past month and are confident of gaining an even break in the five game series.

Eleven men will make the trip, including Coach Van Wagner, Manager

Splashing About

To those who splash about mentally, physically and spiritually this column is humbly dedicated.

The pen is mightier than the pigskin or puck.

Something has to be done. With a week that has been given to fathoming the results of the Students' Council elections, we feel that McGill is losing its place in the market of publicity. While reading a recent novel dealing with university reform there was mention made of the dropping of inter-collegiate competition at which the head of the Associated Alumni hurled back the answer, "It is with athletes that we face the world." This is generally the case and so McGill is turning her face from the world. This was never more truly reflected when the results of the candidates for the offices of members of the Council of Students' representatives was announced.

When the Council met for the first time in January, 1927, there were but two who did not have their sports letter. When the new Council meets in January there will be but one who has and he will be one who keeps on for another half year in his capacity of the President of the Union. It cannot be said that the representatives of sport did not try. There was the star of the rugby and the captain of the hockey and yet he was defeated. All the other men who were players also ran yet sport is not without representation as Willie Whitehead, manager of the hockey squad this year, takes the seat for Dentistry and a minor letter man comes from Theology of all places. Jack Dugworth represented his university at track. Sports do not seem to be an attractive feature around McGill. The slogan must be "No goals, No votes".

On the contrary the men who find favor in the eyes of the student body are those who can wield a pen rather than play for their Alma Mater. This means that it is chiefly need for the University or bad for sports. We would rather be inclined to the former. What a change it is to have six positions on the editorial side of the McGill activities represented on the Council, three from the Daily and three from the Annual Board. Something must be happening to the student mind so that it would prefer an editor to a captain of the hockey team. Truly McGill is becoming more and more of a university and a seat of learning. If we were a college for the production of professional sportsmen the election of sportsmen to the Council would be a wise move but think goodness sport is being more and more looked upon as a necessity to elevate the tedious of study rather than study a diversion so that one may play for a big team.

Good bye Shag!!

After sixteen years of true and faithful work our worthy rugby coach is leaving for a business career in a mining brokerage office downtown. If we were to try and express our feelings in words our measure page of this issue would be crowded out. Sufficient be it for us to say that we will have to go a long way before we will be able to find a mentor to come and fill his position. Personally we would not have liked to have been under his training as his standard was a high one. Results in sports are never shown in the titles that are won but in the men that are prepared to play the game of life. Shag will not find his speculation job with bonds so very much different to the speculation which comes to a university in its sportsmen who come up each year. McGill has never been able to say the year previous, "Next year we are going to have a team with which none other will be able to compare." These are our sentiments with regards to our resigning coach.

Fred Pugh and nine players. The party plan to make their headquarters in New York during their ten-day stay, and no doubt will see a lot of the metropolis on their off days.

Meanwhile the Seniors intend to start off in the right way by taking a fall out of the Y.M.H.A. quintette tonight in their first serious test of the year. The Hebrews always turn out a polished team and from current reports this year is no exception. It should therefore be a fast open affair with the outcome very much in doubt until the final whistle blows. The redmen went through another workout yesterday and are in the best of shape.

The Intermediates will clash with the Y.M.H.A. seconds at 8 o'clock while the Senior game is slated to start at 9 sharp.

SCIENCE BASKETBALL

The Science sophomore basketball game scheduled to be played on Monday evening will not take place. The game, however, has been transferred to Tuesday evening at 7:30.

There will be a basketball practice on Monday at 6:15.

Prof: The class will please remain in their seats for a while.

Vo'e from rear: Give me liberty or give me death!

Prof: Who said that?

Voice from rear: I did.—Ex.

Last year ten skits were chosen out of forty-five. Will you be the lucky man whose skit will be accepted by the Red and White Revue Committee?

ARTS TEAM HEAD
NURSERY LEAGUEHave Not Lost Game in Faculty
Po'o

If there are no games played after Christmas in interfaculty po'o. Arts will be champions in virtue of the work they have done in the three games this week. Last night they won their third straight game by defeating Science 5-1. In the second game, Medicine, the arrogant ones who declared themselves invincible before the season started showed that they were in fact 6-2-2-2, having lost by defeating Commerce and making their record one defeat and two wins. Science and Commerce each have one game left to play.

The men of McGill College entered the water with heavy odds placed upon them, they got a surprise, though when Science put up a stubborn battle, and except for the scoring benches in which they scored two and three goals respectively, Arts were held quite well. Arts started off into the shallow end and ran three goals in. They should have done far better into the deep end, but the numbers seemed to have found themselves and played a good covering game, and as a result there was no score. Science kept up their rally after the second half, and Ned Buchanan found the Arts nets. Clayton Bourne, who was playing goals at the time, didn't even see the ball. Arts recovered however, and scored two more goals before the game finished.

The second game was not so good as only five Commerce men showed up. Medicine dropped a man, and the teams started with only two forwards. This spoiled the game, as none of Medicine's wonderfully planned plays could be used. The medicines were in such a hurry to get home and shave for the ball that only two halves of five minutes each were played.

The first half was sepiress, but Meds started off the second with a rush that gave them two goals. Shackell retaliated for Commerce. At this juncture, Gardner of Medicine who was paying out found that position harder than goal and decided to have a rest. To get this he openly tackled Baker of Commerce in the fashion that was the talk of all interfaculty rugby followers this fall, and the two of them were given a minute in the cooler. Henderson scored one more for Medicine to clinch the game.

Harold Plisk says that the problem of refereeing is getting harder every game. Last night he decided to let the game go its own way, even when Stan Quickenbush would play basketball. Those who saw him scratching his head and periodically trying to explain to a man that he had a free throw, certainly plied him with rumours that Harold can stand it no longer and is going to resign.

FINAL PRACTICE
FOR BOXING SQUADTaylor and Burns Meet in Feat-
ure Bout

The last boxing bout before the Christmas holidays will be held next Saturday at six o'clock in the Montreal High Gym. O'Connell, the 112 lb. provincial champion, will meet McGill of the college squad in that class. In the 126 lb. class, Horn and Gamble, both of whom have shown up very well so far, promise to have sparks flying and in the 130 lb. class, Stein will meet Matthews of the Y.M.C.A. who holds the city championship at present. Gilard and Lightball will be the two contenders in the 147 lb. class, and both are doing well this should be an excellent bout.

Two bouts are scheduled to take place in the 160 lb. class, the first between Doren and Bradley and the second between Trudel and O'Meara, or if O'Meara is unable to box, his place will be filled by Sexton of the Y.M.C.A. The feature of the evening will be the bout between Fred Taylor and Wm. Burns of the Y.M.C.A. boxing club. The usual practice will be held before the bouts take place so all the boxers are expected to turn out.

Now that the holidays are near, the B.A.W.F. squads are beginning to think more seriously about the assault; about one month after the holidays are over the assault will take place in Toronto. That means that the last two weeks, or if possible the last three, must be spent in hard training and to train properly four practices a week are absolutely essential.

CLASS BASKETBALL

The schedule for the week Tuesday, December 20.

6:15, Girls Gym, Com. 1 vs. Med. 2;
E. Rhodes.
7:15, Girls' Gym, Dent. 1 vs. Com. 2;
E. Rhodes.
6:30, Boys' Gym, Med. 1 vs. Pharm. 1;
R. McCabe.
7:30 Boys' Gym, Arts 2 vs. Science 1;
G. Jones.
8:30, Boys' Gym, Arts 1 vs. Science 1;
G. Jones.

CHRISTMAS

By H. B. Arts, (Year Unknown)

The Church bells of Christendom,
Are all chiming bells today,
Ringin' throughout many lands
Great joy in the heart of humanity.
The universal joy of Christmas
Is its simplicity which all understand.
This day shall change grief, fear,
And quarrels, into love and cheer.

A good conscience is a continual
Christmas.
No beautifier of complexion, or soul.
Like the wish to scatter joy, grief, or
Pain, or mischief to detrone.
The drying up of a single tear,
Has more true honest fame,
Than tyrants who shed seas of gore,
Haughty power or wealth to gain.

We ring the Bells when a prince is
born,
Or toll a dirge, when great men pass
away,
Nations have Carnivals and Festivals
Marked on the calendar alway,
But, once a year, and only once,
The whole world stands still
To celebrate the advent of a life
Into this World on a Holy Night.

A life measured by action and not by
time,
The kindness of Christmas is the kind-
ness of Christ,
Only great souls are truly kind
And make other hearts to rejoice,
You cannot cut Christmas out of the
Calendar,
Or, out of the Heart of the World,
I will honour Christmas in my heart,
And during the year would its spirit
impart.

GAYETY
MUTUAL BURLESQUE
Starting Sunday Eve, Dec. 17
Unusually Different!
A well conceived and carefully executed production of music, comedy, and drama, deftly and brilliantly staged.
NIGHT LIFE IN PARIS
CHARLES TRAMP, FINALLY
LA VILLA MAYE
OTHER POPULAR FAVORITES
DARING, DARING, DEVILS
The P.P.P. Show of the Season

ORPHEUM
HIGH CLASS STOCK
PLATEAU 2141-2142
Starts Sun. Eve. Dec. 17
The ORPHEUM PLAYERS
Present
THE WHITE SISTER
with MILDRED MITCHELL
and VICTOR SCHENBERG
and other popular favorites
The Orpheum Playhouse
The Grandest Stage in the City

A LOVE STORY

Once upon a time a little college boy loved a little co-ed, and they were engaged and they were planning to get married, and the boy's papa and mamma had consented, and the girl's papa and mamma had consented, and they had the minister, and they had the house, and they had the furniture, and he had bought the ring, and he was ready for the ceremony, and she was ready for the ceremony, and there was to be a party when it was over, and the guests had arrived, and the minister engaged and they were planning to get married, and the boy's papa and mamma had consented, and the girl's papa and mamma had consented, and they had the minister, and they had the house, and they had the furniture, and he had bought the ring, and he was ready for the ceremony, and she was ready for the ceremony, and there was to be a party when it was over, and the guests had arrived, and the minister engaged and they were planning to get married, and the boy's papa and mamma had consented, and the girl's papa and 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Theatre Prospects

New Plays and Musical Comedies
Due Here Discussed.

Much has been said and written about Broadway. The great white way, the lighted lane, theatre alley, the street of open hearts and gaping purses, of back-slapping, of generosity and of sophistication; the rendezvous of heartaches and headaches. So much for the slush purveyors.

None of the antics of the Broadwayites interest most of us except in connection with the mainspring of their existence, the theatre. In this respect, Broadway has been responsible for heartaches and headaches right here in Montreal. Past theatrical seasons know too well fourth rate road companies, poor attractions and consequently poor financial success. For a time, Montreal was a bad theatrical city to most Broadway producers, and to a certain extent, still is. The situation has improved considerably in recent years.

The last two or three years have seen theatrical companies improving in number and in ability. The present season finds Montreal almost on a par with Toronto and prominent American cities as far as theatricals are concerned. The two Montreal theatres playing legitimate attractions have given the theatre public some of the foremost attractions on the continent during the early part of the season and announce a series of bookings that will bring to a close a season without parallel locally. One must consider too, that Montreal is not in an advantageous theatrical situation, Toronto is on the main route between New York and the mid-western cities, while Montreal is entirely off the regular route.

Montreal audiences seem to be essentially partial to musical plays. High grosses have always been credited to a musical vehicle. "The Vagabond King," "The White Eagle," "Rose-Marie," "Big Boy" all these have high grosses to their credit while equally deserving dramatic attractions last year featuring Glenn Hunter and Mrs. Fiske were not merely as successful.

Among the attractions announced for future presentation, here are "Hit the Deck," Vincent Youmans' success, "Wings" an aviation film, "The Spider," an eminently successful mystery play, featuring William Courtenay. Four world's premiers have graced the boards of local theatres thus far this season: "Happy" now at the Earl Carroll, New York, "The Banisher," "The White Eagle" and "Oh Johnny." Toronto has had about ten pre New York presentations to date. Among the more famous attractions to visit Montreal this year are "Allez-Op" Carl Hemmer's revue, "The Shanghai Gesture" and "The Vagabond King."

"Hit the Deck," Vincent Youmans' musical comedy is announced for His Majesty's theatre late this month, and the chances are that the house record set up by "No, No, Nanette" some years ago will fall or at least be squallied. Youmans' type of music is unique. His "I Want to be Happy" and "Tea for Two" from Nanette are still popular, surpassed only by perhaps "Sometimes I'm Happy" and "Hallelujah" from his present vehicle. A good deal depends on the quality of the company that will play in Montreal. The original troupe is still playing in New York, featuring Louise Groody, while a second Chicago company headed by Queenie Smith is playing capacity. Youmans has organized about half a dozen road companies.

"Wings," an aviation motion picture is announced for Christmas week in Montreal. "Wings" opened at the Criterion, New York during the summer and proved a great success. A good deal of the success of the picture is due to the aviation boom during the summer. Lindbergh's achievement was most likely the raison d'être for the film. Clara Bow is featured in "Wings". "The Spider" opening at the Princess next Monday, is among the most successful mystery plays on Broadway. The performance proper starts during a vaudeville performance, the crime being committed among the audience. Police are stationed at all entrances putting every member of the audience under suspicion. It is without a doubt the most unusual entertainment ever staged. William Courtenay as the magician, who was responsible for the success of the play in New York, will head the cast at the Princess next week.

L.S.B.S.

"THERE'S THAT LIGHT AGAIN"

(Continued from page one)

"Out in the times before these steamboats came around these parts and all this country had woods on the hills instead of just the bare rocks and stumps, which must be before the time of my grandfather, this coast was a good place for the smugglers from St. Pierre to come in if the weather looked at all black or if the fog was getting too thick. Here in these coves and inlets they could hide for days, and weeks, for there were no one hardly living round here then except maybe one of my great-greats who came over from Devon. Well one of these smuggling schooners was on her way to St. John's with a good cargo of hooey and drunk when she was sighted by a revenue frigate.

"The Frenchies could see what the

game was and so they put in for the land as they had a smaller ship, and the frigate could not follow well among the rocks. In the fog, anyhow, the Frenchies got in and anchored, and thought that they were safe. So they might have been but for the fact that there were a dozen coming up and the frigate had to find some place to anchor. The frigate came in full afore the wind and happened to make the cove where the smuggler were.

"But the wind were a gale now and in trying to heave to the frigate parted chain and drove in on that Table Rock what you see out in the bay. They managed to get a boat down and as it were dark they could only see the light of the Frenchies and so, with a light in the boat, they set out to save themselves on the smugglers' schooner.

The Frenchies were ready for them as they see'd the light coming over the water to them, and so when the boat got to the schooner they was met with pikes and gaffs. Nary a one would they let come on board as the, were so affraid and so they beat them off and in the storm the revenue men was drowned. The schooner hove up her anchor in the morning afore any of my people could get out to her, and they were the only family for miles they could not chase her as they had to get their fish.

"And so every night afore there is going to be a storm there is always that light out on the water. Mind you, that don't happen more than twice or three times in a year and only in the summer time at that. We here ain't none to good over that smuggling business and so when the light of the revenue men goes about at night we keep in for they might somehow tell the people at St. John's, and then look what would happen to us."

The other two men nodded their heads in assent and chewed.

"Do you really believe that?" asked the Stranger and the three brothers again wondered what kind of a person this was.

"You can't help but believe it when you see it can you?" said Levi. "Why our people would not tell us lies would they? Besides what about that light what they see at Lally Cove, just afore Christmas?" The Stranger admitted that he had no heard of the light at that place.

"Well, continued Levi, "there was a man at Lally Cove as had a wife that he could never get on with. I don't think anyone could for she was a regular nagger. They were out cruising and seeing their friends over at Grand Mer once afore Christmas, and as he was pulling back in the dory they began to fight as to who they should have for Christmas at their place.

"She wanted her people and he wanted his and after a while it come to a regular scrap. A scrap in a dory, mind you, about a mile from shore right over the Deepes where there is a couple of hundred fathoms. What else could happen but the dory got upset. He didn't w-y about her and got to land. She went under and wasn't heard of no more. When her people heard of this they set out from Grand Mer to go to Lally Cove. But while they was crossing the bay the fog came down sudden and they wasn't heard of no more neither. Now just afore Christmas they always see the light of that dory coming over to Lally Cove hunting for the man that drowned their gal. Can't you believe that?"

The Stranger still seemed to be unconvinced that there were these causes for the lights yet the earnestness of the narrators left no opening for any doubt.

He still looked puzzled and, as he was preparing to go out, added that he was going to walk up the Long Beach to find out for himself. The three brothers thought that he must be mad. But when he was outside and had walked to get a good view of the bay he found that the light was no more and so he walked up to his landlady only to find her terribly anxious as to his whereabouts and fearing that the light had claimed another victim. She told him that her boy, when he was crossing the bay one night some years before, had called to the light in bravado at which the light came up to the dory and the men from the revenue frigate had tried to get into the dory and had upset it so that her boy and his mate were drowned.

* * *

"There's that light again!" The people in Baie de l'eau kept their heads indoors and the children were ushered to bed with a warning. The women still feared and the young women still were anxious. The settlement was quiet save for the opening of a door as the Stranger went out of his lodgings and walked along to Long Beach.

Inside the house the woman had been talking to her sister and as the Stranger walked calmly out, in spite of the warning, she began to be agitated. For some time past it had been known that the Stranger did not believe the story of the light and had asserted that on the next time that it appeared he would go and try it out for himself and here he was daring to go out.

"I don't see as how we should lose such a nice man after him only being with us for two months," said the one.

"He may be what he is, but he can't find that light," said the other, "and I think that we ought to stop him."

"How can we do that? You know how headstrong he is and besides I'm not going down that Long Beach while that light is about. Maybe if you went and told Abe he would go and stop him."

"Do you want me to go out over to

my house on a night such as this?" answered the other looking as if she were prepared to meet a Judgment Day.

"Well if you are not going then let me come with you and we'll see Abe together."

Uncle Abe was in no mood to venture out after the Stranger and told the women that they were mad to think of such a thing. If one person wanted to be pulled into the water there was no reason why another man should go and do the same. But the women still persisted in their plea as he was such a nice man and they did not see why they should lose him after having him only two months. Besides what would Aunt Hannah do if she did not have that sixty dollars coming in each month.

Abe's grandson had been a listener to all this conversation and suggested that he should go after the Stranger. During the last few weeks the Stranger had shown him how fish breath, why the tide rose and fell, the names of the different flowers that grew on the hills, which he had considered as weeds shown him how to tell the north from the stars, when they could see them, and on the whole had been a hero of the boys when he swam under the schooner Florence as she lay to at the wharf Young Abe said that he could not see his friend go and give himself away just on that light.

After much persuasion Young Abe was allowed to run after the Stranger to catch him up and warn him. Twenty minutes later he returned white and scared, not a word could they get out of him other than the Stranger would not turn back.

In the morning they found him on the Long Beach lying face down to shingle. His collar was opened and there were blue marks on his neck.

"I ought to have gone after him," wailed Abe, "I ought to have gone."

They nursed him back after a week but he said nothing of the adventure. He was just the same Stranger even after being nearly drowned by that light. He smiled at everyone just the same. There was no strange look in his eye in fact he seemed more cheerful and confident of himself. The people kind of shunned him at times as though he was a man that had an evil spirit or who had associated with them. Young Abe had been heard to say that he watched him go right along the Long Beach and that when that light came closer he ran back home. Yes, the Stranger had gone right up to that light but perhaps the revenue men had seen that he was not a fisherman and so he did not do any smuggling. There must have been something about him that influenced the spirits. Surely he must be a ghost man himself.

* * *

"There's that light again!" The people in Baie de l'eau kept within their doors and the women were afraid. Young women had seen the men off the schooners when they had come in a week ago, but they still were anxious. The men on the schooners had heard of the episode of the Stranger and that light, but they were too much bound up in their good keeping for the next trip, which was along the Labrador. True they had talked to the Stranger and had shown him how to splice rope. He had come down to the fo'castle and had had a mug with them, but there was a brooding that he had something to do with the spirit world.

The settlement was quiet and again there was but one noise, again it was the Stranger as he went down to the Long Beach. No one followed this time for he ought to have learned his lesson from the last experience. He went on but not alone. He had with him a bundle of things.

At the end of the Long Beach he saw that light coming from over where Sugar Loaf Brook came from between two high cliffs. Quickly he placed a little raft about a foot square on the water and the tide carried it out over the bay. Tide was favorable, as the raft drifted to the light and the Stranger uncoiled and uncoiled something which he had carried in the packet. Then having paid out all the wire, he waited for the favorable moment when that light should surround the raft. It came and the Stranger pressed a switch with a result that there was a flare over the water, after which there was no more light.

The electric spark had exploded the mixture of marsh gas and phosphoretted hydrogen. The former gas coming from the bogs that lay at the source of the Sugar Loaf Brook and with the southerly wind was carried down gently between the high cliffs so that the heavy gas collected on the surface of the water. Blown over towards the graveyard it came in contact with the phosphoretted hydrogen of maybe Uncle Tom and Aunt Abigail who had been but scarcely covered with earth in their rough graves. The two gases had glowed with a phosphorescent light and formed a will-o'-the-wisp.

This Stranger surely had something to do with the spirit world as people had heard how he had driven that light away on that night. From that time until he went away in the fall they left him to himself, scarce entertaining him as he called at their houses. He had broken their faith, as if Uncle Tom and Aunt Abigail had anything to do with that light of the revenue men.

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Edited by J. G. NELLES

IMPORTANT SPEECHES OF KING

Canadian Prime Minister Publishes Collection of Addresses in a Philosophical Strain.

"THE MESSAGE OF THE CARILLON." By The Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King. Toronto, The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd. 274 pp. \$2.

(Review by L. C. Carroll)

THE Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Premier of Canada, has just published a collection of his public addresses under the title of "The Message of the Carillon." The book is an inspiring one and extremely appropriate in this, the Diamond Jubilee Year of Canadian Confederation. The Prime Minister has acted wisely in excluding speeches on controversial subjects and has seen fit to introduce into the work a broad spirit of peace and thanksgiving rather than a broadcast of his own personal views. The spirit of the volume is Canadian; the "Message of the Carillon" one of peace and good will. Divided into four chapters on Confederation, Canada and the Empire, International and Industrial Peace, and Appreciations, the speeches are in the author's flowing and lucid style, simple yet pregnant with a deep kindly philosophy of life.

At the Centenary at Toronto this year, he comments philosophically on progress, acknowledging that nearly all the credit for advance is due to science. "Let us not fall to give recognition to obscure and unrequited labors. . . . we should acknowledge in their proper perspective the services of scientists and scholars to our country, to the Empire, and to the whole world." Speaking of Sovereignty, he maintains that the sovereignty of the King and the sovereignty of the people have blended into one. "That is the genius of British people in the art and science of government." Of the Empire—"The Empire is a community of free nations in which is recoiled the ideals of national autonomy and imperial unity. Union, confidence and peace to the whole is the aim of the Imperial Conference—the real link of the Empire is the liberty and freedom ensured under British Parliamentary institutions and the British constitution—it embodies freedom itself, its unity is of the mind and of the heart."

Concerning Canadian Unity—"Canada has been a land of reconciliation. Many strains of blood make up our nation but we are essentially one people—we have learned to respect honest differences of opinion—we are united, seeking unity which delights in diversity. I dismiss as unworthy of consideration any change which contemplates the break up of our Confederation. How could a Canada East or a Canada West be better off than a United Canada? In a speech on the United States: I oppose the idea of annexation with all the power at my command—both are better off as they are—civilization would be the loser as we are the interpreter, between the two most formidable bodies of opinion in the world, American and British."

Of Industrial Peace—"The unrest in the world of industry today is the voice of a grief-stricken humanity crying for justice in the relations of industry—labor, capital, management, and the community are indissolubly tied up."

In another speech, he utters his thoughts on Friendship and Citizenship. "Friendship is rooted in service—that best portion of a good man's life, his little forgotten acts of kindness and of love." He believes that citizenship is nothing but public service, the spirit of service in a community determining that community's value to the state. "A world citizenship has come into being since the War."

Speaking on various occasions to University graduates, "If there ever was a time when men of trained intelligence should feel an obligation to share in the public life of their country, it is now. I would appeal to university men to serve their day and generation—be careful of the value you attach to recognition of attainment—seek to guard against the creation of false values in our hearts—love, service for its own sake—true worth often dwells in silence in the idealized life around us—the divine is to be found in the common."

English (pointing to head on a coin): That king whose portrait you see made my great-grandfather a knight. American (pointing to head on a coin): Mine was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on that coin.—Ex.

More skits are wanted for the Red and White Revue.

Psychological Depths seen in Gallions Reach

GALLIONS REACH. By H. M. Tomlinson. New York, Harper & Bros. 283 pp. \$2.

(Review by J. P. Manion)

THERE are things which even book reviewers find it hard to determine. Though they usually pretend to know everything, they most emphatically don't; and so there appear conflicting and yet dogmatic views about H. M. Tomlinson, the author of Gallions Reach.

This book has drawn the fire of critics, and has held it. It is new. Its critiques are usually favorable, but this impression is of necessity rendered relatively; Tomlinson is always said to be greater or worse than some established novelist. The medium of comparison is customarily Conrad.

Mr. Tomlinson, as Conrad did, writes about the sea. That he has Conrad's characteristic vividness in his description of tempestuous nature is undoubted. Conrad, however, was a painter, slashing and bold, it is true, but who yet filled out his realism with detail. Tomlinson, on the other hand is doubly impressionistic, but so minute, so careful, and so analytical that his work appears like a painstaking etching or line-engraving—bringing out in high relief the very soul of men, of things, even of action itself, and leaving the surface to a less exotically artistic hand.

Tomlinson questions. He is modern. You can walk down the street with Jimmie Colet, through three chapters of reading matter, adopting as in a trance the thought of the author, following easily from one idea to the next, inexorably onwards, and yet halted harshly on the brink of an eternal question, of an abyssal ignorance. He seems to deal in fundamentals, and human-like, to find no set truth there. It is baffling. He may have some conclusion in his own mind. If so, it is esoteric.

As far as Mr. Tomlinson's psychoanalytical study is concerned, the scene could very nicely be laid in the same spot throughout. He does not do this, and so unfolds a plot which will hold the attention of the most restive.

Jimmie Colet, the personality studied, is a clerk in a trading company. Under provocation, he hits his employer, and the latter falls dead, most probably through heart-failure caused by his excessive anger. Colet does not know this however, and leaving a beautiful girl by whom he is loved, enters upon a career of adventure. He seems to slide along, utterly oblivious of the part he is playing in the unusual incidents through which he passes—the sinking of the ship, an agonizing week of thirst spent upon a tumultuous sea in an open rowboat, the rescue, his trips into the jungle-lands of the Malay peninsula—all this evidence of a changed existence seems to leave no trace of excitement in the mind of Colet. The study is tremendously personal, the adventures well-devised by one whose knowledge is first-hand.

Tomlinson is a powerful writer. His short, sketchy sentences adapt themselves well to analysis. He is solemn, rarely witty, but on those rare occasions shows touches of sparkling Erskine humor, he is logical, sometimes even apprehending the Shavian directness in his logic; above all, he has a personality of his own. Taken by and large, he is well worth knowing, and Gallions Reach is quite palpably his best vehicle up to the present.

To H. B., Arts, Year Unknown

By an Employee

Who is this H. B. Arts Unknown, who lives in a little world all his own.

Who is this H. B., this poet, by heck, that is always serving up Shakespeare, and giving it to you by the peck.

Who is this H. B., who walks those marble halls sweeping the cobwebs off the ceiling and walls.

Who is this H. B., this poet of renown, that whenever you meet him he has always a smile, and never a frown.

Smile on, H. B., long life may you see, and I am sure those who read this with me will agree that this world would be better for more H. Bees.

—W. J. WHITE.

"Ellen, what's become of old Simon?" "He done died w'd lead poisonin'." "Lead poisonin'? I didn't know Simon was a painter." "Nossuh, he was in da chicken business."

—Ex.

In Brief Review

THE following books have been received for review from the publishers but due to lack of space a detailed criticism of them cannot be given until after Christmas. A cursory survey of them, however, would seem to indicate that they are all excellent works in the particular field which they represent. A brief account of each follows:

SAMPLES. (Boni & Liveright) A collection of short stories compiled for The Community Workers of the New York Guild for the Jewish Blind by Lillie Ryttenberg and Beatrice Lang is probably the best anthology of short stories representative of contemporary fiction that can be obtained today. Nearly twenty stories compose the list and the names of their authors should give sufficient indication of their quality. They include George Ade, Sherwood Anderson, Konrad Bercowicz, Louis Bromfield, Dorothy Canfield, Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, Edna Ferber, Zona Gale, John Galsworthy, Sam Hellman, Ernest Hemmingway, Fannie Hurst, Mary Roberts Rinehart, G. B. Stern and Elinor Wylie.

MY LIFE IN ADVERTISING. By Claude C. Hopkins. (Harper & Brothers) is an account of the life and work of a man who has achieved notable success in the great game of placing the commodities of a nation before the public. He has been in the field probably longer than any other single man and gives the reader the benefit of his experience during a lifetime of work. He gives intimate details of the methods he used to launch and maintain such well known products as Palmolive Soap, Pepsodent Toothpaste and Quaker Oats, etc., on the market.

IMMIGRATION CROSSROADS. By Constantine Panunzio. (The Macmillan Co.) is a careful study of the past, present and possible future of immigration in the United States. Important investigations for many large organizations have enabled the author to study at first hand the various aspects of the subject under discussion. He maintains that the whole subject should be considered from an international point of view, and that restriction should be based on sound tests—possibly intelligence tests and property qualifications. The book has a comprehensive index and on cursory examination appears likely to be of distinct value to anyone interested in population or immigration problems.

PEACE OR WAR? by Lt. Commander J. M. Kenworthy (Boni & Liveright), has an introduction written by H. G. Wells. Commander Kenworthy is one of the best known members of the British House of Commons and a former member of the Admiralty War Staff. H. G. Wells thinks thus of the book: "A very useful, very competent, very stimulating book. I am happy to recommend it. I do not think it would be easy to better Commander Kenworthy's summary of the complex forces that make for war in the world today. The reader must turn to this book to realize how far this obscene foolery with human warfare has gone a ready and how easily it may go further." In the events of war Commander Kenworthy believes Canada will be neutral, and declares that it is best that she should be neutral in the interests of the combatants themselves and of the world.

THE BRITISH COAL DILEMMA. By Isador Lubin and Helen Everett. (The Macmillan Co.) is published with the aid of the council and staff of the Institute of Economics established by the Carnegie Foundation of New York. The authors know the actual scene of their labors as well as consulting the latest documents bearing on the British coal industry. They fully discuss whether the lost export markets of Britain can be regained; whether coal power is losing out in the competition with fuel oil or water power; whether the miners should be given a larger share of control in administration, and how the industry can generally be made more efficient. The volume should prove of interest not only to coal specialists but to all who are questioning the wider problems of the organization.

INDUSTRIAL PROSPERITY AND THE FARMER. By Russell C. Engberg. (Macmillan's) is another volume published with the aid of the Institute of Economics. The writer here seeks to analyze the repercussions of general business upon the fortunes of the farmer. He is said to be thoroughly familiar with the technique of agricul-

CAREER IS DEPLORED IN LIFE

"The Lordly Ones", a novel of the smug intelligentsia and one who was not at ease in the conventional college.

THE LORDLY ONES. By B. H. Leman, New York, Harper & Brothers, 290 pp. \$2.

(Review by P. Matthams)

"How beautiful they are, the Lordly Ones Who dwell in the hills, in the hollow hills. They have faces like flowers.

They laugh and are glad and are terrible."

AMONG the Lordly Ones portrayed in this novel there stands out the character of Roger Morley, a university president presumably at his ease in Zion, but dissatisfied with academic methods, struggling for intellectual independence, sadly needing companionship and above all desiring that he may live his life. One would not call this book a bedside one but rather one enjoyed with a pipe in a cosy chair. Its method of approach is sophisticated and to the present college outlook somewhat cynical.

In this world of standardization and keeping in the rut, it is a hard thing to kick against the pricks. Life is a difficult thing if we are not just going to have a little flame and then splutter out. Life as it comes to us must be lived or lost, and such is the position of Roger Morley. His was the choice of living a life or living a career. Having a career in which he was safe economically, he chooses life; instead of the publicity of public life, he chooses humbleness of mind.

"Our Lordly Ones, Roger there are two sorts: those who are lordly in their own humble eyes and those who are lordly in the eyes of a crowd."

His mind was partly made up when his female companion, not his wife, says:

"Having a career is the great American curse. It's a more horrible imprisonment than any caste system—it takes the immediacy out of life. Human beings are not organized for far goals and wagons hitched to stars. The body is focussed on the proximate satisfactions of weariness, of hunger, and thirst, and desire. When these satisfactions land a man visibly in high places, all right; but . . ."

From the stagnation of a university come radical thoughts. Firstly from a young genius, an instructor, Spiker; then from the President himself in the Founder's Day address. In each case the reactionary elements of the authorities start the war Spiker's case is before the powers that be when fallaciously the chairman retorts:

"I feel that the apparent radicalness of Mr. Spiker's mind is merely owing to his youth and his originality. The former will pass and the academic life will chasten the latter."

This reminds one of the conversation in "Man and Superman" when the father says "I was a radical in my college days, forty years ago," to which his son laconically replies "Forty years."

The president himself causes a stir in the devotees when he announces his onslaught upon that type of lecture which is merely a vocal textbook; to abolish all lectures that were not original. Again "If the community does not want the teacher to profit by his work—then the community must in return not seek to make profit out of the teacher." With his reform program he ultimately wins the favor of the Regents but when he announces his decision to discontinue with intercollegiate athletics the Associated Alumni screech, "It is with athletics that we fight the world." Even the students desert him and so Roger Morley goes to live his life, but the climax of the book has not yet been reached.

There is at times a disconcerting method of giving the sequence of events and then some pages later telling how they happened. This is as bad as explaining jokes to a Scotsman but even this does not detract from a book that holds and helps.

tural organization and of farm management and has made a careful investigation to ascertain to what extent farm prosperity and depression are better knowledge of these influences marches with the general rhythm of the nation's industry, or permit the farmer, to prevent or minimize sharp swings from boom to depression.

Why I Wrote 'The Lordly Ones'

By H. B. Leman

The Author of "The Lordly Ones" who is Associate Professor of English at the University of California, here gives his personal reasons for writing the book.

I WROTE "The Lordly Ones" because I had to. And I had to write the novel for more reasons than there are chapters in it. I suppose, I had to write it because I had to tell some of the little that I knew about the glorious Kate Willow and something of what I knew about the impact such a woman could have upon the life of a man like Roger Morley, who with all his great gifts had been ridden by one of the characteristic fetishes of our civilization.

That fetish is the idea of a career. "The career," Kate Willow says, "is the Great American curse." Certainly it is a folk-way in these United States. And of all the folk-ways it is the most devastating. To live a life by a pattern laid down in advance of knowledge of one's own gifts is, all in all, not to live life at its best. It happens that the idea of a career in the educational world is more conventionalized and therefore more sterilized than any other. Only the strangest natures can resist the rewards of advancement—always offered in terms of administrative responsibility—which by their very quality destroy the characteristic activities of the men who receive them.

I was not therefore concerned to explore and exhibit the case of academic freedom. But to take in one of its more virulent forms the curse of the career and present it in terms of all the daily living of the university world, I wasn't interested to show that some undergraduates are unconventional in their morals, though such a case exists in the book; I wasn't concerned to show that some undergraduates are stereotyped and fearful in their sexual relationships, though an illustration of that exists in the book. I wasn't concerned to tell the story of impoverished college teachers, nor of rich Jews living a varied and significant life in the academic world, nor of wide-visioned regents and kindly deans, though all of these exist in the book. My concern was entirely to present the career story with its successes and failures with its complete expressions and its frustrations of a certain man named Roger Morley and to present that story particularly in terms of the manners and customs the superstitions and insights characteristic of one of the smallest, but perhaps one of the most important groups of men and women in the United States—namely the college teacher and the college president. Though there are only a few hundred college presidents in the country and a few tens of thousands of college teachers, their significance is fabulously out of proportion to their numbers. And the nature of the lives they live and of the way in which they succeed or fail in facing their ideals and reality—all of this is important. Reform then of the specific sorts recommended by Roger Morley and the heavily loaded chance oppositions are incidental to a larger pattern and the illicit love affairs that move backward and forward across the sound regularities of convention, so are they incidental.

The lordly ones are those people in the world who carry the design implicit in their own natures out to the last detail, without regard to institutions always and often without regard to other people. The college presidents and such are thought of usually as lordly, but in this sense lordliness is only in the best instances possible to them. The lordly folk, existing independent of institutions and social limitation, are few but they are of all sorts; a janitor, a young college instructor, the daughter of a president of a university, a beautiful and brilliant and youngish woman of 60 with a dark past. But in whatever department of living they find themselves and however glad and full of laughter they may be, they are in a special and appalling sense terrible for most if not for all who come in touch with them.

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THE BURNING DECK

(New Version)

The boy stood on the burning deck,
On the burning deck he stood,
And while he stood on the burning deck,
It burned—and he stood and stood.

Now while he stood on the burning deck,
(He was a trifle rash)
The deck became a wreckly wreck,
And he was turned to hash. (Fried).

S. G.
The Red and White Revue is a vehicle of undergraduate thought. Write a skit or compose the music.

German Writer has Absorbing Series of Tales

WORLDS' ENDS. By Jacob Wasserman, New York, Boni & Liveright, pp. 278. \$2.50.

(Review by T. H. H.)

SINCE first his works were brought to the attention of the American public some years ago, Jacob Wasserman has enjoyed considerable popularity. It is difficult at times to understand just why this should be, for although there is undoubtedly great merit in his writings, there is but little that is genuinely new and that warrants the loud blasts from the trumpets from which his praises are blown.

It is impossible, in the first place, to treat of Wasserman's style, since it comes to us through the medium of translation. Translation, no matter how carefully made, reflects as much the spirit of the translator as of the author. A book of this nature is the work of two and not of one man. Often the translator, in a fit of accuracy, loses the spirit of the book; just as often the converse happens.

Five shorter subjects form the text of Jacob Wasserman's latest volume, *Worlds' Ends*, which has been translated from the German by Lewis Galanter. Unfortunately, the very nature of this volume makes it more difficult of analysis than some that have preceded it. Each of these stories is a critical description of one of more typical characters, and naturally, the success of the book depends entirely upon the extent to which the author has presented a convincing picture. It is in work such as this, that phrases, and even single words, have their greatest value, and here, between the words that Wasserman wrote and those that appear on the printed page, there are injected the ideas and words of the translator.

Even though it is being examined under a lens that dims rather than clarifies, certain merits are discernable in *Worlds' Ends*, particularly in *Adam Urbas*, the first story in the book. Here is described with great skill a type wholly unknown in this country. The translator has called him a peasant, which does not convey the correct idea. This critic, not having read the original, is willing to hazard the guess that the German word used was *bauer*, which might, more successfully have been translated *yeoman*. This word, it may be rightly argued, has fallen into disuse, but none the less, it presents to the reader a picture entirely different from which peasant usually conveys.

Adam Urbas' proud spirit, his great devotion to what, according to his lights was upright and just, is described with a distinctive pen. But it is difficult to think of a peasant possessing the attributes of Urbas. It is true that the story element is a valuable part of this tale, but it is the intensive character study that gives it value.

In contrast to *Adam Urbas* is *Lukardis*. In this latter account no definite impression is left with the reader.

Those who have read the *Triumph of Youth*, or the *World's Illusion* will find in *Worlds' Ends* a similar spirit; differently expressed perhaps, because the translators are different.

ATTRACTIVE BOOK OF POEMS

Fund of Human Interest in Harry Barker's Poetry

(Reviewed by a "Daily" editor)

PERSONALLY we like Harry Barker's little book, "Simple Songs for Simple Folk," very much. One of his poems contains these lines:

"Dear editors and reporters, thou art truly great."

"The articles reveal the philosophy of your soul."

But Harry's poems reveal the philosophy of his soul—and maybe ours—much better than our news items could. Here is the wisdom and philosophy transcending that of any professor we know:

"Oh if the study of various subjects Was as pleasant as games or girls We would attain to great distinction In the academic world."

Harry's sense of humor would do credit to the witliest Cambridge debater. In "An S.O.S. Call" he describes vividly an episode in the life of the old Arts Building when some plaster crashed to the floor.

"And the caretaker looked round On the scene of desolation and despair; He thought what may have happened If the faculty had been there."

Orphant: Who's that boy standing over there near the horse—with goggles on?

Annie: I don't see any horse with goggles on!

KIRBY WAS A TORY OF TORIES

Late Author of "Annals of Niagara" Gives an Intimate but Somewhat Prejudiced History.

ANNALS OF NIAGARA. By William Kirby. Edited with introduction and Notes by Lorne Pierce, Toronto, The Macmillan Co. of Canada, XVIII, 329 pp.

(Review by Miss M. S. Masson, B.A.)

TODAY William Kirby is remembered simply as the author of "The Golden Dog" yet he devoted no small part of his time to works of poetry and history which have long been lying in neglected corners of old shelves. From this obscurity Macmillan has now withdrawn the "Annals of Niagara," first published 30 years ago.

They present us with a volume most attractively bound, illustrated with pictures well known and otherwise—some interesting as being sketches by Mrs. Simcoe, wife of the 1st Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada, edited by Dr. Pierce with an introductory and unobtrusive notes containing bibliographical hints as well as some of the necessary corrections and re-statements.

"The Annals" are the tribute and token of Kirby's unwavering devotion to his adopted locality and a feeling of pride permeates the whole tale as he tries to trace the role Niagara has played in Canada's story—first as Ongharia, the Indian village and successfully as the outpost for missionary effort, the station for explorer, the fort in the great French chain, the goal of countless Loyalists, the capital of Upper Canada. He dwells with affection on those days of its glory and through his own enthusiasm imparts to us some idea for their social life; suggesting trials and hardships, but not overlooking pleasures and diversions.

As a reminder of personalities and events connected with the region it can perhaps be of service to the curious visitor. Considered as history its value is scant. The narrative tends to lose perspective and is marred by its author's prejudice. He fails to exercise any analytical faculty and betrays no consciousness of underlying social and economic causes. He can write in all seriousness that the influx of the convict element was an influential factor in the Revolution of 1776, for the loyalists were "quiet, law-abiding and religious, far above the base, greedy rabble who followed the Rebel leaders." He is a Tory of Tories with a profound and touching reverence for the Party and its tenets. For him it was a favor to be allowed to live under a gracious and divine Majesty, his scorn for those who saw fit to forego this honor was therefore unbounded.

If time and research have enabled us to discard many of Kirby's findings on the questions he discusses, his very attitude towards them will make his book of lasting interest to the student of the history of thought, for it is a revelation, a cross-section, of the Loyalist mentality.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

H. J. H.

On the Twelfth Night, Two Gentlemen of Verona and their Merry Wives of Windsor went to the Merchant of Venice, who had just finished the Taming of the Shrew and borrowed money from him to see "As You Like It."

Julius Caesar had a Midsummer Night's Dream when he heard about Antony and Cleopatra. He knew very well that it was Love's Labour's Lost for him, and decided that for Antony it would be Measure for Measure.

Hamlet and Othello and Troilus and Cressida and Romeo and Juliet, who knew that love was a Comedy of Errors were overcome by The Tempest while on their way to Timon of Athens. Their death was part of the Winter's Tale.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Irate father: And so, young man, you are fired from college?

Erring Son: Yes, sir, but then I was fired from prep school.

I. F.: What! Are you offering that as an excuse?

E. S.: No, sir, as a precedent.

—Ex.

Will you be one of the authors for the Red and White Revue?

Revue Plans Progressing

Preparations are progressing steadily and there is every indication that the Red and White Revue of 1928 will be an outstanding success in every way," stated Bernard Alexander, the producer of this year's Revue in an interview with the Daily last night. He went on to say that the number of skits handed in to date had been particularly gratifying and that many more are expected before the prize contest closes on Wednesday next. Good skits are one of the prime essentials of every Revue and from present indications the 1928 edition of McGill's all-student production will be well supplied in this respect.

The Executive Committee will be busy during the holiday in examining the manuscripts handed in and in sorting out the lyrics so as to be able to make an early start in the casting which will commence directly after college reassemblies. As soon as this is completed work will start on the rehearsing which will keep the persons involved busy until the week of March 5-9-10, when the Revue will be shown to the public as a finished article in His Majesty's Theatre.

There will be another poster competition this year with handsome prizes in the shape of cash and tickets to the Revue. In the past this has been one of the most popular features of the Revue and there is sure to be some lively competition among the many budding artists around the Campus for the honour of having the best poster. Students will remember the poster exhibition in the Union last year and the interest it aroused.

Cardboard can be obtained from Miss Hensley in the Union after Jan. 5 with instructions as to the type of lettering to be used.

THE KNEES OF THE GODS

(Continued from page one.)

For the remainder of the journey Jean felt to constructing castles in Spain and planning colour-schemes for mythical six-roomed apartments. This she varied with an occasional glance at Pat reading a magazine, a glance to which he never failed to respond with one of those smiles of his. He was so understanding....

An hour later the train drew in at the Grand Central Terminal. Patrick Walton and his young wife proceeded to the Hotel Splendide where he had reserved a suite.

"Hang expense, this is our honeymoon," he had said.

After a dinner which to those who know the Splendide cuisine will need no description they went to a theatre. As they returned in the taxi, his arm about her, her head nestling on his shoulder, she recovered sufficiently from her whirl to think how absolutely complete this was, this life, when only a month ago it had seemed that she would spend her remaining years in that little upstate town!

The morning was one of those cloudless spring days which disclose New York at its best. The morning they spent in sightseeing. The hustle of the great city which at first had amazed and confounded Jean, now gripped her, and she revelled in that sense of business and restless activity which permeates all New York. The downtown sights having exhausted the forenoon, they returned to the hotel for lunch. Half way through the entree a hought appeared to strike Pat. He leaned across the table.

"Those bonds of yours," he said, "you've got them in your valise, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, it occurred to me that we'd better put them in the bank. You never know what's going to happen in a big city like this, and being bearer bonds they would be pretty easy to dispose of if they got stolen."

"Yes, you'd better; it would be terrible if anything like that happened."

"Right. You're tired, aren't you, dear? You have a rest after lunch, and I'll pop round to my bank and deposit them."

She acquiesced, thinking how like him it was to provide for everything, even remembering that she would be tired. They held hands under the table for all the world like a pair of lovers.

Consequently, at half past two, Patrick Walton issued through the revolving doorway of the Hotel Splendide carrying his breast-pocket bearer bonds to the value of \$85,000, the legacy of that Uncle Timothy who had made good in the West in the '70s.

Left alone, Jean was quite content to sit at the open window of her bedroom on the eleventh floor and observe the traffic passing in the street below. She watched the street-cars clang their way along while the fluctuating stream of automobiles and taxis ebbed and flowed from block to block. By looking sideways she could see the Fifth Avenue crossing where the traffic controller sat in his tower and God-like presided over these human currents. The lights on the tower blinked from green to red and back again to green.... Jean lay back and idly turned the pages of the book Pat had bought yesterday for them to read on the train. It was a warm day; she was tired. Soon her head nodded and fell sideways on her shoulder.

She awoke with a start, and on collecting her thoughts from the confusion incidental to awakening, looked at her wristlet watch. Five o'clock. Hullo, and Pat not back? But he had probably returned, seen her asleep, and stolen out again. He would do that, she thought. Accordingly she again commenced to read the magazine. She had finished one story and had reached the denouement of another when it occurred to her that Pat certainly should have returned by now. It was past six o'clock.

She went downstairs and looked in the public room. No Pat. Then, a thought coming to her, she enquired whether his key was at the desk. Yes, one of the keys to suite eighteen was there. As far as the clerk could remember he had not been back for it. So he had not returned!

As the reader has probably gleaned, Mrs. Patrick Walton was not given to carefully deductive thought. Accordingly she grasped at the first explanation that presented itself to her mind and looked no further. Pat had met some friend—he had told her once of his many acquaintances in New York—and, forgetful of his newly married state, he had dallied in conversation with him. She was sorry to think it would do a thing like that, but any way she would let him know how worried she had been. Men were so thoughtless!

At seven thirty she descended crossly to dine alone. Her wounded vanity had brought her almost to the verge of tears to think that he could neglect her in this way. She by now had felt-tioned the "business deal" theory.

In the act of raising to her mouth a morsel of pate de foie gras a sudden thought surged across her brain. Supposing he had met with an accident! Her first impulse was to leap to her feet, seek out the manager, and telephone to the police. But she checked it. He would turn up any minute now, and if she had made a fuss what a fool she would look! From her extensive reading of popular novelettes she had gathered that young wives always became alarmed for some entirely unnecessary cause and made fools of themselves. Besides she hated taking decisive action on her own account. Accordingly she postponed it, promising herself that if he didn't come back soon she would take steps.... Slowly

she finished her dinner, haunted by the constant dread of that thought at the back of her mind.

After dinner she went upstairs and sat down to think. No signs of Pat yet. Surely he must have been run over or something. Her gaze shifting aimlessly around the room came by chance to the valise. The sight of it set in motion another train of thought, until she suddenly came to her feet, consternation painted on her face.

Those bonds! He had taken them of course to the bank. But supposing supposing—oh, it was a terrible thought, but supposing he had stolen them! Her mind raced with unusual celerity. What if he had married her for them and had now decamped?

She sat down. She must inform the police. And then, if she did that and the cause of the delay was really an accident, where would she be? How could she tell Pat she had imagined him a thief? Either he was a thief or something dreadful had happened to him. And if he was a thief how terrible she had been deceived! She felt her world falling about her ears, and sobbed—partly with disappointment and partly with genuine distress.

Twenty-five minutes later Jean went to the manager and told him that her husband was missing. She could do that at least, and to-morrow if there was no news, she could unburden her suspicions. The manager was sympathetic and telephoned to the police. They had no news of any mishap to Patrick Walton, dark hair, pallid complexion.... The manager regretted—"would not madam calm herself?"—it was in all probability a mere nothing—soon perhaps—tomorrow at least—

"Mrs. Walton? I regret very much," she lay uncomfortably in bed while her imagination, freed from the restraints of sane daylight, ran riot. From the uneasy half-sleep into which she had fallen towards dawn she was instantaneously aroused by a knock on the door.

It was a maid.

"Two officers, ma'am would like to speak to you."

She hastily threw a wrap around her shoulders and awaited their entry, her brain full of the wildest apprehensions.

They were realized. The sergeant of police hated his present task, used to it though he was.

"Mrs. Walton? I regret very much," Mrs. Walton, to have to tell you that last night's Canadian Flyer had a bad smash up near Derwent. Your husband, I regret to say, was killed."

Killed? Killed? He was dead then—It was true; she knew he had had an accident! But what was this? The Canadian Flyer Limited? Then he must have been making for the border, then he had really been a robber who....

The officer was speaking again. "You will be required to identify the body, madam, at the Derwent morgue at your convenience."

"Yes," she answered, her voice not above a whisper. Dazed with the news beyond her capacity of her mind to digest at once she sank back in bed. The policemen stole out.

Two hours later a lady pale and set of face partook a meagre breakfast in the Splendide Main Dining Room. In the interval she had succeeded in ordering her mind and marshalling what facts had eventuated. No vestige of that marvellous love had she retained and scarcely any pity at Pat's end. Indignation was her paramount emotion, and until the reaction should come she was completely resolved on her course of action.

She took the first train to Derwent. There she joined the snail through in the mortuary. No difficulty was experienced in proving her identity, for the marriage certificate had been found on Pat. She took charge of his effects which included \$100 in bills in his wallet, and bearer bonds to the value of \$85,000 in the California Oil Products Inc., the legacy of her Uncle Timothy. In that dismal building people shattered by sudden catastrophe remarked with varying degrees of indignation her methodical dry-eyed composure. The charitable said she was "wound up."

Her next move was to return to New York for the night. Go home, she would have to, but not yet—she must have time to think how she would meet her father.

Next morning a gentleman called to see her, Mr. Julius S. Hackpen, Solicitor, was the legend on his card. He represented the International Railroad Company; did Mrs. Walton propose making any claim in connection with this unfortunate accident in which her husband lost his life?

"Prudently she said she was considering."

"Then," said Mr. Julius S. Hackpen, "my company will be prepared to meet you more than half way. In view of the fact that your husband met his death on the day following his wedding my company are prepared to be conspicuously generous. They propose a compensation greatly in excess of the usual sum, and, in my opinion, equally in excess of that which any court would rule. Will you accept \$20,000 in settlement of any claim you may have on the company? That's right, sign here please."

Mr. Hackpen produced from his wallet a cheque for the amount and pocketed his papers. With becoming expressions of condolence he slipped from the room, but once outside an expensive grin spread over his features as he congratulated himself on having completed an excellent deal for the company.

No less satisfied, Mrs. Patrick Walton, nee Jean Princeton, returned that night to her little upstate town, a wealthy and experienced widow.



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A Merry Christmas and Two Long Weeks of Fun!

That's what The Diamond Taxicab Association wishes every one of you. It's coming to you after all your hard work (?) during the past ten weeks. But work should be forgotten now—for a fortnight anyway—because there'll be lots to do when you get back. There's nothing like a pleasant interlude to make you realize all the things you have to do at college, and we hope this interlude will fill the bill properly. And then there's New Year's Eve—we don't have to tell you about that—you could probably tell us quite a bit yourselves. But you may want our help that night, and we'll be there to give it to you.

Good luck under the mistletoe!

The Diamond Taxicab Association Limited
PLateau 3221



THE DEVIL'S DELIGHT

A Short Story with a Moral

It was holiday-time in Hell, and all the devils and devilesses were dressed in their Saturday best, for this was the great annual judgement day in the realms of Lucifer. Mephisto who was himself to sit in the judge's seat that day, for it was a great day. Even he was decked in a long red robe, and had his horns newly polished with axle grease for the occasion, and was a very imposing figure as he reclined on his high throne, smiling sardonically around the crowded court-room.

anon, a little devil, in the robes of a barrister, arose and announced.

"The first case is that of Miss Daisy Bluebird, who put her husband through the meat-mincer last month. The court awaits your majesty's judgment."

And the little devil sat down, and there was a great silence in the Halls of Hell as Lucifer arose.

"Oh daughter I give thee thy freedom," he said.

And there was a great cheering in the Halls of Hell.

And the little devil in the lawyers robes arose again.

"Second, O King, is the case of Mike Mulligan, a loyal citizen in your Majesty's suburb of Chicago, who four months ago was convicted of killing thirty-two policemen."

And again there was a great silence in the Halls of Hell, for no man durst speak until the King had delivered judgement.

"Oh son go free and walk the paths of iniquity."

Again a great shout arose, and again there was a great silence as the little devil spoke once more.

"The third case O King is that of the famous anarchist Ivan Bombavitch, who slaughtered three hundred men, women and children in Moscow yesterday."

And Lucifer spoke again and said as before, "I give thee thy freedom."

And so it went on and not a man did he condemn until at last there was but one case left, a small, meek man with a shy smile, who seemed awestruck of the gaze of the multitude, for all eyes were turned upon him.

"The last case of all your majesty," said the little devil in the lawyer's robes, "is that of Felix Bingle, and he indicated the little man, he is the man" and the air was drawn tight like a net as they awaited his words, "he is the man who reads the movie subtitles out loud."

And all the denizens of Hell, and Satan rushed upon him with a mighty roar, and he was rent asunder.

MISS XRBABE'S XMAS COLUMN

(Continued from page one.)
that such is the case at any of the parties which you attend, I would urge upon you the desirability of having the sofas pulled out to some place where there is some light. It is so much nicer.

As to your personal conduct I have very little to say as I know that none of you would do or be tempted to do anything that was not quite proper. Be sure to keep in sight of the chaperones -- there are not so many chaperones as there were when I was a young girl, and I am sure that you all regret this. However, times are changing, and we must do the best we can.

Thermos Flasks
Much to my grief, I find that some young men actually bring pocket flasks in dances nowadays. To such young men I would say "Don't do it, it isn't nice or proper," and to the young girls I would say "Steer clear of such young men, my dears, they are not the kind you would like to know." If all the girls would abstain from smoking, it would add greatly to the propriety of these functions -- really nice girls don't do it. Nobody used to when I was a girl and I am sure we were just as well off.

In concluding these brief remarks, I take advantage of this opportunity to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and I hope you all have a very enjoyable vacation.

Lydia E. P. Crabbe.

YULETIDE DANCE IN MED. HALLS

(Continued from page one.)
employed to their fullest possible use. The catering was done by Kerbulu and Odau, in fine fashion.

The patronesses who attended the ball were: Laddy Currie, Mrs. C. F. Martin, Mrs. J. C. Simpson, Mrs. E. M. Ebert, Mrs. A. T. Basin, Mrs. W. F. Hamilton, Mrs. W. G. M. Byers.

The Committee in charge of the Dance were: L. G. Lee, Chairman, and C. H. O'Keefe, J. W. McRoberts, W. Krepela, A. L. Hunt, G. D. Rowley. There are to be congratulated on the carrying of practically the total on their own shoulders.

COLLEGE SNAGGERS

(Continued from page one.)
pudding. After dinner, Hon. host fill up pipe with French snag and fill the room with foul smoke. We all cough and snort, but no use. As Honorable Fible say, "As the Hungri panther for the waters so did my lungs pant for fresh air." But I was saved in the Nicotine by being thrown out, and stag-

ARCHITECTURE AND MANNERS OF OLD ENGLAND

(Continued from page one.)

with considerable ceremony. The company, first washing their hands in bowls of perfumed water, seated themselves at the long table, above or below the salt-cellar according to degree. Then to the sound of clarion and trumpet the long procession approached from the kitchen. Ceremony however, ceased when the eating began. Roasts and fowls were torn apart with the hands and the admonitions in books of etiquette--such for example, as the fingernails should be kept clean or the proper use of the cloth indicate a low level of table manners. The pointed "Cracows" or shoes so named from their place of origin, the trailing skirt and pointed hats of the women, illustrate in the 19th century an increasing desire for luxury, but the lives of these grand personages, who rose in general with the sun and went to bed at its setting were of a simplicity not in accord with their garments. Sumpuary laws from the 14th century to the 16th century, failed to cope with the attempt of the lower classes of society to ape their betters. In the Elizabethan age the queen was the arbiter of fashion. She is credited with leaving 3000 dresses in her wardrobe at her death, and many fashionable ladies dyed their hair to match hers. One lady demanded an allowance of £2,600 from her prospective spouse, out of which apparently she was only to clothe herself, for the wages of her servants and charitable gifts are otherwise dealt with. It was from this overweening luxury that the Puritans turned in disgust.

LE PETIT PARISIEN

(Continued from page one.)

2.--"I went at first to John J. Black who is a big coalheaver. He says, 'Why me at xmas time? I work like (gory) beaver! When xmas day arrive at last I feel so tired and sore. I spend ze blessed xmas day in sleep and wheeze and snore!'"

3.--"To W. McWhirter then I go with much despatch. He is a hardhead business man, his heart is not much scratch. He said 'I give my four enfants ten bucks upon zat date. And give my wife just what she wants she gets it, any rate.'"

4.--"I also spoke to tramway car conductor on my way. He says, 'Why, merry xmas it is my most busy day. And me I work while others go to picture show and dance. Hey! Put your transfer in ze box, or shall I kick your pants?'"

5.--"I met a beggar down ze street who wished some cents from me. I say, 'Whn merry xmas comes where ever will you be?' 'Oh, xmas is a lucky day for hoboes,' he reply. 'For when I beg on xmas day folks rarely pass me by.'"

6.--"Again I ask snow-shoveller, 'Do you have xmas tree?' He say 'Bah no, ze weather man, he does not care for me. Ze snow, ze hail, ze blizzard storm on xmas he will bring. But I am glad, he bring me cash, I buy my xmas thing.'"

7.--"Ze college student stop his search and he begin to think. 'Ze xmas is ze bunk, except it g've excuse for drink. Philosophy, psychology, biology agree. That from such superstitious things they all shall be quite free.'"

8.--"He think aloud and then a prof old over hear his thought. He say, 'You are quite right, my boy ze xmas is worth nought.' 'We'll have no xmas holidays!' Ze student say, 'Eh? wot?' 'I take back what I say, sir, and I'll talk no more of rot.'"

Yours lovingly
Augustine de Bucketta

"ECHO'S" SECOND ISSUE HAS VALUABLE ARTICLES

Modern preachers are falling down on their jobs because they are too lazy to prepare the proper sort of expository sermons--based directly on the Bible.

The fad for topical sermons leads to laziness, and laziness is a disease of modern preachers.

Having his article on these subjects, Dr. S. P. Rose, one of the Dominion's most noted exponents on the art of preaching, writes in the Union Theological college's magazine, "The Echo," advocating a return to straight expository preaching.

Donald McVicar, in the same issue, tells a vivid story of a forest fire. Cliff Knowles contributes an article called, "A Song in a Tavern."

A number of other articles and some very pleasing personal notes make the issue a good one. T. R. Davies has a special column in it, concerning the fortunes of Union College alumni.

The college bookstores stock copies of "The Echo."

What's Coming

The "Daily" won't be available for a week or two now, so the items listed below will give colleagues a good idea of what is going to happen during vacation. Take 'em as they come. There's quite a lot to do.

The French Clubs' Combined Meeting

Two one-act plays, "L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle," (English as She is Spoke), by E. Stan Bernard, and "Les Deux Timides," (The two Scare-cats), by Labiche, will be given the joint meeting of the Cercle Francais and the Societe Francaise, next Tuesday evening in the Ballroom of the Union.

Fires de Mus'cale

Vic Rose is presiding over the Christmas fireside mus'cale, to be held between 9 and 10 o'clock Sunday evening, in Strathcona Hall. Christmas carols will head the musical program for the evening, which has been admirably arranged. Out-of-town students are especially invited to this affair.

C.O.T.C. LECTURES

Down to Brass Tacks with Major J. W. Jenkins: Room 33 Engineering Building, 5 p.m.

December 19th. Tactics, Attack and Defence (Cav. Inf. Med.) Capt. R. E. Balder, M.C.

December 20th Organization and Administration of a Battalion. Lieut.-Col. H. Chasse, D.S.O., M.C. A.A. and Q.M.G. M.D., No. 4.

J. W. Jenkins, Major.

Dental Assistant's Association

The second monthly business and clinic class of the season will be held on Monday, December 19th, 1927, at the McGill University Dental Faculty, University Street.

Mr. R. A. Copeman, President of the Montreal Study Club of Dental Technicians, will give a clinic on "Construction of a Porcelain Jacket Crown" with practical demonstration.

Dentists and dental students are cordially invited.

Womens Athletics

R.V.C. Swimming Classes at the Y.W.C.A. will finish this week. Students are required to commence their selected winter sport immediately after the holidays. Miss Herriot has announced that those who have not yet decided what they will do are required to do so and report to the Physical Education office.

Fancy Skating For Women

Miss Herriot has announced that arrangements for the class in fancy skating will be made next Tuesday morning. Those who are interested are asked to sign the list which is posted on the R.V.C. Athletics Notice Board, before 6 o'clock on Monday.

Commerce Scarlet Key Elections

The 10 which occurred in the Scarlet Key Elections will be fought out next Monday, when another election will be held in the smoking room of the Arts Building between E. Broadhead and E. C. Budge.

Children's Lectures in Physics

All the tickets for the Christmas lectures for boys and girls have now been sold. The lectures will probably be repeated at 5 p.m. each day.

OTHER CHRISTMASSES

(Continued from page one.)

midst of their conversation the buzzer called the boy to the phone. He returned with a brighter face.

"I say," he exclaimed eagerly, "Mrs. Johnson has asked us both over to her house for this evening. A sort of pre-Christmas party she called it."

A look of pleasure passed over Durga's face as he heard the news for invitations such as this did not frequently come his way.

"I would much enjoy going," he answered, "The invitation sounds like Christmas, even though this weather is not the weather of my Christmas."

III

The 'pre-Christmas party' turned out to be a quiet family party, the other guests being few. A grizzled old Colonel, looking as though he had experienced many a stern campaign, was the principal figure of the party which sat down to partake of the seasonable fare which was of sufficient goodness to justify the attention which it duly received.

Afterwards, round a crackling grate fire, conversation did not languish as they roasted chestnuts on the hot bars of the grate, and talk turned inevitably to Christmas, past, present and future, and finally--

"Do you remember the Christmas party at 'Pickwick Papers'?" asked Mrs. Johnson. And she forthwith fetched a copy of the book and read Dicken's description of Wardle's Christmas party, and how after everybody had got tired of blind man's buff, and after Mr. Pickwick had utilized the mistletoe till the very leaves had begun to droop, "there was a great game at snap-dragon, and when enough fingers were burned with that, and all the raisins were gone, they sat down by the huge fire of blazing logs to a substantial supper, and a mighty bowl of wassail, something smaller than an ordinary wash-house copper, in which the hot apples were hissing and bubbling with a rich look, and a jolly sound, that were perfectly irresistible."

"Doesn't that make you feel as if you were sharing with them a jolly Christmas," asked Mrs. Johnson with a smile. "Dickens always seems to me to express the very spirit of Christmas."

"I suppose you mean by the spirit of Christmas all this paraphernalia," and the Colonel indicated with a sweep of his hand the Christmas tree in the corner, the festooned decorations around the room, and the chestnuts roasting before the glowing fire and one by one splitting open to show brown, luscious interiors.

"It all looks like Christmas right enough," he said, as he blew a cloud of smoke reflectively from his mouth. "But you can have lots of good solid Christmas without all this. I have seen many Christmases in parts of the world where Christmas trees were few and opportunities for 'wassail drinking' were limited. We usually managed to achieve a Christmas of some sort though."

"Please tell us about some of those times," asked the boy, his interest stirred at the thought again of those other Christmases.

And so as the lights were lowered, and only the firelight fitfully illuminated the faces of his attentive little audience, the Colonel drew graphic pictures of Christmas times spent in far parts of the earth.

He told of Christmas gatherings in the outposts of civilization where neighbours drove over a score of lonely miles to foregather and exchange Christmas greetings and presents. He told of Christmas spent in the heat of populous southern Indian--whereat Durga Dasa's face lighted eagerly--and how amid the heat and rumble and dirt of overcrowded cities Christmas was celebrated in good old-fashioned style with mistletoe and giant cracklers.

The Colonel's ramblings had included more commonplace visits to Europe, and he described the Christmases of nations then in one sweeping sentence.

"The French celebrate Christmas with it," he said, "The English heartily--so heartily that it takes them a day to recover--the Germans stolidly and yet romantically, and the Dutch in a manner all of their own--by celebrating at New Year's instead of Christmas-time itself!"

"But of all these Christmases, the one that sticks in my mind best, was one that I spent cooped up in a hill-side fort on the Afghan border, with a horde of howling Pathans outside threatening for our blood. There was a half company of my regiment inside, however, and a good solid stone wall between ourselves and the tribesmen, who were engaged at the time in one of their periodical risings."

By some chance one of the officers had got hold of a Christmas cake, carefully preserved, and intended for a more peaceful celebration. In spite of the state of the siege in which we found ourselves we decorated the mess room as well as we could, and stuck the cake in the middle, a ridiculously small cake as I remember it now, in the place of honour on the table.

That cake represented Christmas to us there; and in spite of the hillsman outside and the uncertainty of relief, we celebrated Christmas with it and drank toasts, in water, to our home ones in the safe civilization of the west. The picture of that little group of soldiers standing round a table and the remnants of a Christmas cake and toasting "Home" with the large uncertainty of ever seeing home again lurking just outside that stockade is one of the most vivid memories of my life."

"It says a good deal for the spirit of Christmas," observed the boy, as the Colonel stopped speaking. "Wherever people go, and under any circumstances, they seem to endeavor to celebrate Christmas as they have always done."

"I think that that is the whole essence of Christmas," said Mrs. Johnson, glancing from the two boys who were spending their first Christmas in strange surroundings, to the Colonel, who had spent most of his life in "other ways." "The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of universal peace, and the anniversary of Christmas day is the anniversary of the institut on of peace and good-will in the world."

"You can even stand around a table in a little fort and celebrate peace and goodwill with a crowd of fierce tribesmen outside the wall," Durga Gass said with a little smile.

"Yet even that," retorted the Colonel. "We are all idealists at the bottom, even to the point of trying to delude ourselves, sometimes."

IV

As the two boys wondered their way back to the hall late that evening, Mrs. Johnson's words re-echoed through their minds.

"Christmas is universal. Good will towards men has no bounds." On the snow covered steps of Strathcona Hall they shook hands.

"A Merry Christmas," said the boy. "A Merry Christmas," said Durga Dasa.

COUNCIL'S ACTION CRITICIZED

The Editor,
McGill Daily,
Dear Sir: May I take up some of your valuable space in denouncing the action of the Students Council in the vote of censure which the Scarlet Key Society received at the last meeting of that body.

There is no doubt that the Scarlet Key Society has justified itself at McGill since its inauguration two years

EVE OF A MATRICULATION EXAM

'Twas five o'clock and the pink jazz--

Went forward on flitting wings,
For the co-ed I had there with me
Was one of those "sweetest things."

'Twas after dinner at nine o'clock
I realized with dismay
That not a note or student's book
Had I consulted all day.

Forthw then I sat me down at once
And around some problems drew,
Feeling anon a most dismal hunch
I had hit more than I could chew.

For an hour or more I tried my best,
And juggled symbols and signs,
And when I finally sank to rest
My dreams were of pounds and dynes.

CosA and our friend H2O,
Came peeping and stretched their
necks,
And out of the bed-knobs' tops there
grew

A2 and his cousin X,
Pluses and equality signs came
And pulled my hair with glee,
The brackets and ounces seemed quite
tame

And played tag with A plus B,
Minus was perched on the foot of the
bed
And was thumbing his wicked nose,
And pulling my hair with glee,
While gallons ticked my toes.

The pints and quarts were filing my
boots
Alas! They didn't fill me!
The whole darn bunch looked like
wild galoots
'Twas a sight most sad to see.

And when I tried the exam next day
The wretches deserted me,
When results were read I grieve to
say
That my marks were --D.

L.R.W.

ago. Much praise and credit has been brought to the University through the efforts of this Society in spite of the feeling which the student body had for the organization.

However now that we have justified ourselves in the eyes of the students, the Students Council, our governing body, take it upon themselves to bring back this ill feeling by denouncing us before the whole student body. Surely we do not deserve such notoriety! Especially from the body which controls us!

If there had been sufficient reason for such denunciation--all right. But the mere fact that we were late in handing to the Council a report on a certain function does not necessarily brand us as a bunch of crooks and therefore the necessity the passing of a vote of censure.

As a member of the Council let me say that I've lost all interest in that body since the last meeting. Surely more important things were passed at that meeting to deserve a headline in the Daily. If not, abolish the Council, as it does nothing but throw the proverbial wrench into smooth-running machinery and our societies are better off without it.

In closing may I ask the new Council who are taking office next term to think before they leap and if possible to try and create such societies as the present council condemns.

Sincerely,

CHARLES PETCH
Pres. Scarlet Key Society

Church of the Messiah

UNITARIAN
Sherbrooke Street West and
Simpson Street
Service at 11 a.m.

Reverend Lawrence Clare,
Minister.

Students and all members of the
University cordially invited.
ALL SEATS FREE



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AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

(United Church of Canada)

COR. OF DORCHESTER AND DRUMMOND STREETS.

Rev. Robert Hall, B.A., will preach next Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. At 7.30 p.m. Musical Prelude: Choral Improvisation--Karg-Elert, The Lamb of God--Robertson, I sing the birth--Parry, The Lord is my Light--Sparks, Passifal--Wagner, Cherub Hymn--Gretchaninoff, Benedictus--Guonod, B. B. Chadwick--Organist and Choir-director.

PRESBYTERIAN

THE CHURCH OF ST ANDREW AND ST. PAUL

400 Dorchester Street West
(Foot of McGill College Ave.)

11.00 a.m.--Morning Service. Rev. George H. Donald, D.D.
3.30 p.m.--Minister's Bible Class.
7.30 a.m.--Evening Service. Rev. George H. Donald, D.D.

EMMANUEL CHURCH

UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA DRUMMOND STREET

REV. J. W. G. WARD, D.D., Minister

11.00 a.m.-- "The Tables Turned"

7.30 p.m.-- "A Nail in a Sure Place."

All students cordially invited.

La' Associate, A. R. Grafton. Organist and Choirmaster, D. M. Herbert

ERSKINE CHURCH

United Church of Canada

Sherbrooke Street West, at the head of Crescent St.

REV. E. LESLIE PIGEON, D.D., MINISTER, will preach at both services.

11.00 A.M.--"Job's Comforters,"
7.30 P.M.--"The Sense of Sin" (Illustrated through COLERIDGE'S "Rime of the Ancient Mariner.")

At the close of the evening service the usual reception will be held when the singing of FAMILIAR CHRISTMAS CAROLS will form the programme. McGill Men and Women are Cordially Invited to Come and Take Part.

ST. JAMES UNITED CHURCH

277 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST

Ministers:--Rev. G. Laughton, D.D. and Rev. T. A. Halpenney, B.A., D.D. Director of R.E.--Rev. P. N. Caven, B.A., M.R.E.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18TH.

Morning at 11:--"When God Walked with Men."
Evening at 7.30:--"Let us Defend the Home." Five Golden Rules.
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS MUSIC.
MCGILL STUDENTS AND FRIENDS INVITED

EVANGELISTIC SERVICE

TO-NIGHT (SATURDAY)

at 8 o'clock

will be held in the

GOSPEL TESTIMONY HALL

(Corner Sherbrooke Street and Union Avenue)

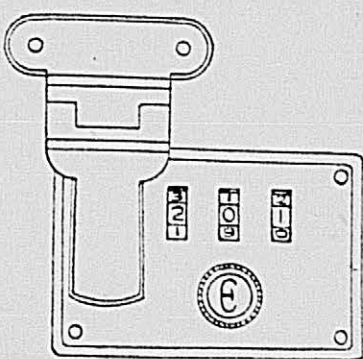
BRIEF GOSPEL MESSAGES

HEARTY SINGING NO COLLECTION

EVERYONE WELCOME

under the auspices of

THE SCRIPTURE TESTIMONY LEAGUE



Montreal's
Newest and finest leather goods
shop is featuring luggage equipped with

"SESAMEE"

"THE KEYLESS LOCK"

CLUB BAGS SUIT CASES
COAT CASES PORTF

THE McGILLIAD

Obituary by A. M. K.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Rheumatic.

His pillow knew all that he sighed;
Had heard his last soul-struggling
groans;
Had felt his last clutch.....He had died.
The wind had broken his bones.....

Strabismus.

His squinted eyes at strife,
As everyone still saith,
He looked thus at his life,
And bumped right into Death.....

Narcosis.

Whenever he wanted some sleep
To go to the Land of Suppose,
He took some narcotics.....Quite cheap,
And the best was Death's free-of-
fered Dose.....

Aphasia.

All he muttered was the same,
He babbled in a trance;
Remembered but a single name—
And that was not a man's.....

Lunatic.

The moon in his head was a strain,
The moon attracts the tide;
And as a consequence, he died
With water on the brain.....

Lockjaw.

A microbe sewed her lips, this monger
Of gossip's slander spleen—
Even before she could die of hunger,
She died of verid chagrin.....

Heart Failure.

He gayly jaunted down the street,
With not a thought of Death—
His heart did sudden stop to beat—
Surprise knocked out his breath.....
A. M. K.

Finis Coronat Obus.

One more so fortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to his death.....
(Hood)
La mort sans phrase.....
(Robespierre)
Noble letum Catonis
(Horace)
He brought dead jokes and deadly
vilely punned;
Poetic justice sees him moribund.....
(Anonymus).

At last we have discovered a victim
who is worthy of ourselves—ourselves;
at last we can execute that which is
well executed..... The New Year we ring
in with the death knell of the McGill-
liad, and with the accompaniment of
the Rooter's Band we perform its fun-
era. The half-term is over; our sen-
tence is completed.....

To dispel any illusions on the sub-
ject, let us here asseverate, with un-
surpassable emphasis, that we have
not, like John Keats, been killed by
the savage (sic) and tartarly (sic, sic)
attacks in the correspondence columns
of the Daily. Any one who is acquaint-
ed with the editor knows that such as-
saults would only persuade him to
hold his ground. The fact, however, is,
that the cessation of the McGillliad is
decided upon even before its com-
mencement.....

In this swan-song, therefore, let us
sing out our thanks to Rasselias Mc-
Gillliad, Joyous James, Dorian, and
the author of Bar-room Nights, for
their contributions which have ap-
peared in these columns under their
respective names.

And so, together with President
Coffidge, we choose not to run any
more; and among our New Year re-
solutions is this of dissolution..... Fol-
lowed by the general cortege, then, we
come to bury the McGillliad; praise it
needs not.....

Plaudite

A. M. K.

THRENODY.

O weep your tears, you croc-
odiles! the great
McGillliad is dead.....is gone.....is
not.....
(Please punctuate this with the
triple dot.)
The great McGillliad is now the
late.....
No more will it rave, rant, or
wildly prate;
No more will it turn many a
naught to aught;
And no more will it throw the
deeper thought
Into a student's simpletonic pate.
The suicides have lately been
increased;
This too succumbs unto the fatal
fad.....
So weep, O crocodiles, let be
appressed
The melancholy which may drive
you mad.....
And you, ye little worms, pre-
pare to feast
Upon the corpse of the McGill-
liad.....
—A. M. K.

What we Think of the Shows

THE ORPHEUM

A play that has moved many hun-
dreds of thousands of people to tears
as well as to laughter, "The White
Sister", will be presented at the Or-
pheum Theatre by the Orpheum Play-
ers next week. It is a drama of tense
emotions and dramatic action, and in
its sweep it touches great heights of
historicism. The story is one of the
most appealing the modern stage has
known. It is one of passionate love
and renunciation. A young Italian of-
ficer is betrothed to a beautiful patri-
cian. He is ordered to Algeria suddenly,
and is unable to wed her before he
goes. She hears later that he has been
killed in action, and in despair she
enters a convent and takes the veil.
Later he returns, having been seri-
ously wounded and out of his mind for
many months, but eventually recover-
ing his reason. He learns that his
betrothed has become a nun, seeks her
out in her convent, and pleads pas-
sionately with her to renounce the
vows she took when under a misap-
prehension as to his fate, and to leave
the convent and marry him. In the
girl's soul the struggle is between her
vows to God and her love for the man,
which is still the dominant passion of
her life. She refuses to leave the con-
vent, and in despair he leaves her
there. Later, when an eruption of
Vesuvius occurs, troops are called out,
and the young officer is among those
who are mortally wounded while ren-
dering succour to the victims of the
disaster. He is taken to the very con-
vent where his adored is a nun, and
she nurses him until he dies in her
arms.

The lesson of fidelity to a sacred
vow is beautifully presented, and the
peace that comes of a spiritual triumph
is depicted with significant power.
The story sweeps one along with its
drama and its pathos, and it is, at
moments of climax, a drama of tre-
mendous emotional appeal. The Or-
pheum Players will find their resources
tested to the utmost to give an ade-
quate performance of this play, but
they will be found also equal to the
requirements of the drama, for which
a special and most attractive set of
scenery has been prepared.

AT THE CAPITOL

Few comedies can be said ever to
deserve the utmost in superlatives, yet
Constance Talmadge's latest, starring
vehicle "Breakfast at Sunrise," the
feature photoplay at the Capitol all
next week starting tomorrow, Sunday
is so brilliant and hilarious.

With its maze of unforeseen sur-
prises and laughs which arise with
unexpectedness and rush of a lac-
in-a-box, the picture is undoubt-
edly the cleverest piece of screen we
ever seen. The picture is the sen-
sational French comedy-farce with its
plot principally in the Hotel Splend
It concerns the adventures of two p-
sons, disappointed in love, who mar-
ry to spite their sweethearts. One laugh
production situation follows another
as the two find countless ruses of dis-
cord lining their marital path. It is by
far the funniest, most entertaining
story of the strangest marriage ever
filmed; a story of scintillating lights
along the gay boulevards of Paris; of
love torn on the rocks of infidelity,
and an awakening and understanding
likes. It is a spicy farce of Gay Paris
showing Constance Talmadge at her
dazzling best. She is ably supported by
a big star cast, including Don Alva-
do, noted Spanish actor, Brian
Washburn, Alice White, Paulette God-
dard, Marie Dressler, Albert Gran and
many others too numerous to mention.

On the stage Maurice Meerte and
his famous Capitoliens will be featur-
ed in an entire new setting and sur-
rounded by a host of Stage Celebrities.

The Red and White Revue is going
to use student compositions for their
music this year. Write yours now.

THREEFOLD GREATNESS

Most places are content to excel in
one particular field of activity. Some
are famous as seaports, others as steel
manufacturing centres, and so on. Chi-
cago claims leadership in three fields.
It is this continent's greatest railway,
grain and packing centre.

It is a city well worth seeing. Its
purposeful industrial and commercial
life, its famous Gold Coast, its magni-
ficent hotels, theatres and opera houses
attract thousands of visitors from Can-
ada. The International Limited from
Montreal through Toronto and Detroit
is widely favoured by seasoned travel-
lers, while the Inter-City Limited from
Montreal to Toronto affords an addi-
tional convenient route to both Detroit
and Chicago.

Full details may be obtained from
any Canadian National Railways Agent,
or from the City Ticket Office, 230 St.
James Street, Main 4781.

cluding Howell and Harger in "The
Dark". These two dancers was feat-
ured in the big musical comedy hit,
"The Merry-go-Round." Janet Slaters
are two little girls who can sing their
way into your heart. Alan Reno is a
violinist who knows how to put over
his stuff. Albert Dewberry is better
known as the Human Top, and I guess
he can spin, Cameron Geddes, a Bass
Profundo with a good range, is a sing-
er too well-known to need further in-

troduction. Then Lyoff's 8 Capitol
Middle, stoppers a la carte, will com-
plete a bill full of advertisement, vari-
ety and wholesome entertainment.

"NIGHT LIFE IN PARIS"

'Tis not the whole of a burlesque
show to discuss the female form al-
vino in all its "back to nature" array,
neither does it cater to the morbid
tastes of the moron who sees nothing
chaste in nature. The real mission of

this amusement activity is to diffuse
happiness, joy, hilarity, color, music,
motion, all converged into one glorious
eye of contentment. With this in the
mind's eye of the world at all times,
the popularity of Burlesque may be
very readily understood. It is the na-
tional show of America; it was popular
when Mark Twain was a river pilot;
it was the favorite pastime of Bret
Hart's Gold Run, and it will be so
to the end. And one of the outstand-

ing exemplars of burlesque is "Nite
Life in Paris", which will be seen at
the "Gaiety" theatre, for one week,
Sunday, December 18th.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but my
room-mate wants me to help her clean
our room this afternoon. Would you
let me off?"

"I certainly would not."
"Thank you, sir, I know. I could
depend on you?"

Gentleman Jim was polite to the last.
He even offered his chair to the waiter
when he was about to be elec-
truted.—Ex.

Might it not be said that hunting
for the North Pole is going to ex-
tremes?—Ex.

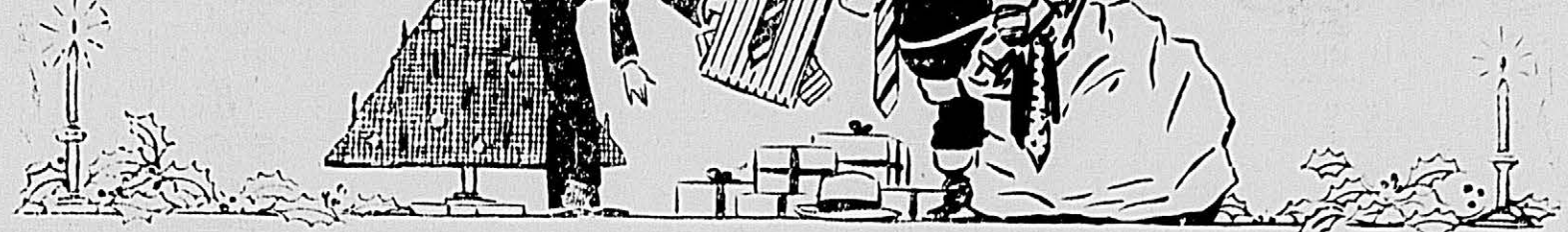
Musical compositions are needed to
make the Red and White Revue a suc-
cess.

NO SHOPPING NIGHTS AT EATON'S

Store closes at 5.30 every night right through
to Christmas. Shop early

If unable to visit the Store, orders addressed to the Shopping Service, THE T. EATON CO., Lim-
ited, will receive particular and prompt attention.

Give Him What HE Wants!



ON Christmas morn, when with excited fingers he unwraps your gift, let his anticipations be realised with something useful
that he can wear.
Here are mere suggestions from the Men's Departments on the Main and Second Floors which are literally teeming with such
practical gifts!



Eiderdown dressing gowns, \$7.95 —
beacon cloth, \$12.50—lerry towelling,
\$15.75—flannel, \$17.50, \$25.00
—Main Floor.



English fancy cashmere socks, \$1.00,
\$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50—plain cash-
mere, 50c., 75c., \$1.00 plain silks,
\$1.50, \$2.00—clocked silks, \$2.50,
\$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.50.
—Main Floor.



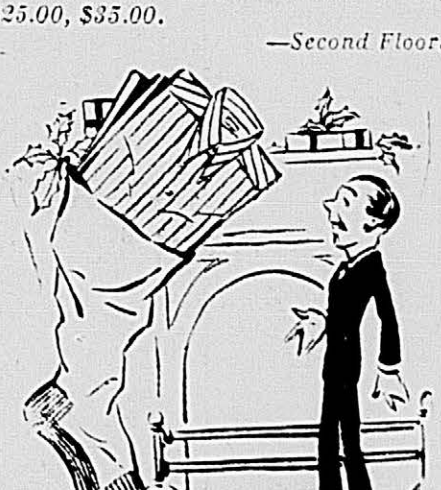
Radio jackets (the new name for the
house coat) melton cloth with reverse
trim, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$15.00, \$18.00 —
brocaded coats \$15.00—velvet coats,
\$25.00, \$35.00.
—Second Floor.



Brocaded art silk gowns — \$12.50,
\$18.00, \$25.00, \$30.00—plain brushed
wool, \$15.00—heavy blanket cloths,
\$18.00.
—Second Floor.



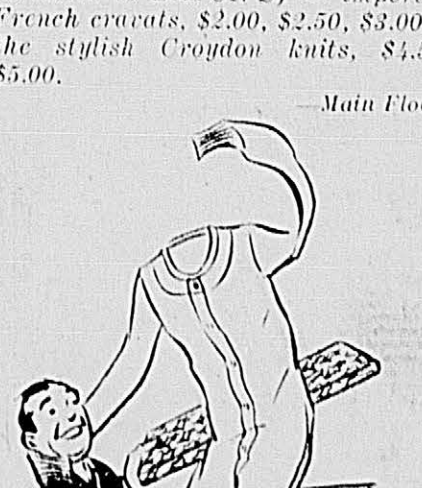
TIES—EATONIA \$1.00—Birkdale
\$1.50—Canterbury \$2.00 (three lines
exclusive to EATON'S) — imported
French cravats, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00—
the stylish Croydon knits, \$4.50,
\$5.00.
—Main Floor.



Shirts—Birkdale — broadcloth and
woven pattern fabrics, \$3.50—Can-
terbury broadcloth, \$4.50 (both these
lines exclusive to EATON'S)—For-
syth, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.00.
—Main Floor.



Mufflers — art silk—white or white
with dots or checks, \$2.00 — white
broadcloth with polka dots, \$2.00—36
inch squares, \$3.00—art silk stripes,
\$3.00, \$3.50 — French corded silk
squares, \$5.00—Swiss silk, \$10.50,
\$12.00.
—Main Floor.



EATONIA wool combinations — a
fashioned garment of great warmth
and comfort, \$1.50, Wolsey de Luxe
—silk and wool, \$9.75—Watson's cot-
ton rib, \$1.95.
—Main Floor.



Gloves — English make — tan cape,
\$2.75 — goatskin, \$3.50 — peccary
hog, \$3.95 — deerskin, \$5.50 — wool-
lined viskin, \$6.50.
—Main Floor.

Slippers — Romeo style — black or
brown kid, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00
—Everett style, camel-hair cloth,
\$2.00, \$2.50—kid, \$3.00, \$3.75, \$4.00,
\$5.00.
—Second Floor.

Canes — London-made, \$2.50, \$3.00,
\$3.50, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$8.00, \$12.00.
—Main Floor.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Students who have registered at the Bureau of Appointments
may secure work as waiters for New Year's Eve by applying to
Miss Heasley next week.

Telephone:
Uptown 7000

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
OF MONTREAL

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